

PR 4507

.C5 D4

Copy 1

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Class PR4507

Shelf C5J4

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.



THE
DETECTOR
OF
QUACKERY;

OR,
ANALYSER OF MEDICAL, PHILOSOPHICAL,
POLITICAL, DRAMATIC, AND LITERARY
IMPOSTURE.

By JOHN CORRY,

AUTHOR OF "*A SATIRICAL VIEW OF LONDON AT THE
COMMENCEMENT OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,*" &c.

La Satire * * * * *

* * seule bravant l'orgueil, et l'injustice,
Va jusques sous le dais faire pâlir le vice.

BOILEAU.

Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place.

POPE.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR T. HURST, PATERNOSTER-ROW ; J.
RIDGWAY, YORK-STREET, ST. JAMES'S-SQUARE ;
R. OGLE, TURNSTILE ; J. HUGHES, WIGMORE-
STREET ; R. THURGOOD, NEWGATE-
STREET ; & OGLE & AIKMAN,
EDINBURGH.

1802.

T. Davison, White-Friars.



PR 4507

.C5 1 4

Recd. 7. Feb. 24. Aug. 1822

To

That most liberal Patron,

The BRITISH PUBLIC,

Whose Munificence confers Riches on

EMPIRICS *and* IMPOSTORS

Of every Description;

This Book is respectfully inscribed

By

The AUTHOR.

ERRATA.

Page 53, line 16, *for* but true, *read* true, but.

75, . 20, . white to be, *read*, white robe.

83, . 16, . iron chest of the coffer, *read*, iron
chest of, the banker.

T H E

DETECTOR OF QUACKERY.

MEDICAL EMPIRICISM.

—Arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Hear this, and tremble! *you* who' scape the laws.

* * * * *

To Virtue only and her friends a friend,
The world beside may censure or commend.

POPE.

CREDULITY, which may be called the foible of a good heart, has in all ages rendered the worthy part of mankind dupes to the artifice of the knavish, who, unrestrained by principle, are ever eager to profit by the unsuspecting disposition of generous minds.

Among the various kinds of imposture practised in polished society, Quackery has been the most successful, in consequence of the extreme respect paid to the

A

professors

professors of the art of healing. Our ancestors, indeed, like the ancient Greeks, seem to have considered the knowledge of medicine as an immediate communication from Heaven ; hence physicians were not accountable to man for any accident which might attend the administration of remedies.

Empirics profited by the superstition of mankind, and while the wretch who committed a robbery was condemned to an ignominious death, the dispensers of nostrums, which deprived many individuals of their property and their lives, were hailed as public benefactors !

Quack Doctors will ever be most successful in a wealthy commercial country like England ; especially in the busy, populous, and luxurious capital, where the multitude have neither leisure nor inclination to detect imposture. Accustomed to obtain every luxury and accommodation for money, most people imagine that gold can procure even health and longevity. Indeed the principle of self-preservation is so strongly entwined with the fibres of the human heart, that cunning and unprincipled men, who assume the character of physicians, easily impose on the public credulity.

Even regular physicians often profit by the fears of mankind, and thus realize a fortune. Many persons, in other respects very sensible, are so much under the influence of *medical superstition*, that, alarmed at the slightest qualm, they hastily send for the physician, who, of course, prescribes something to relieve that agony which might have been prevented by temperance.—Hence the constitution of the valetudinarian is gradually
worn

worn out ; a premature old age overwhelms him, and he expires surrounded by boluses and physicians.

Opulent persons pay their physician annually for keeping their constitution *in repair* ; and from the irregularity of the debauchee, he seems determined that the physician's engagement shall not be a *sinecure*.—On the other hand, Quack Doctors seem to consider the human frame merely as a *subject* for experiments, which, if successful, will ensure the reputation of the practitioner. The acquisition of fame and fortune is, in the estimation of these philosophers, cheaply purchased by sacrificing the lives of a few of *the vulgar*. To such they prescribe *gratis* * ; in other words, they require no fee for making an experiment upon some credulous being, which may cost him his life !

Indeed the health of the people would soon be in a hopeful state were they all equally credulous. Between the *internal* use of the *Nervous Cordial*, or the *Balm of Gilead*, and the *external* application of *Perkins's Metallic Tractors*, our *inside* and our *outside* would be completely medicated. By the way, the phrase *inside* is very expressive, and used as a general term by the common people when speaking of disease. Whatever be their internal complaint, they simply say that their *inside* is disordered ; and when they recover, their inside is quite well again. This comes to just the same conclusion as all the learned phrases adopted by the empiric. While

* Nothing can be more ridiculous than the slavish obedience of some patients to the dictates of the doctor. A convalescent lately wrote from Bath to his physician in London, to know whether he might eat sauce with his pork.

Dr. Brodum, Dr. Solomon, or some other *graduate* of the same fraternity, is, with a grave air, employed in feeling the patient's pulse and investigating symptoms ; while his active imagination is like the mole pervading all the dark intricacies of the *viscera*, penetrating through every obstruction, to the *abdomen*, and eventually making its escape from the *anus* in a puff of *flatulency*, the patient contents himself with describing the sensations which he feels in his *inside*.

Before we animadvert on the imposition of modern Quacks, let us just glance at the history of medicine.

The Jews are the first people on record who practised the art of healing, which they probably learned from the Egyptians. But the Greeks, who worshipped *Æsculapius* as the god of medicine, first reduced that art to a regular system. Hippocrates is justly considered as the father of physic, being the most ancient author whose writings on that subject are preserved. The most celebrated physicians who succeeded him were Asclepiades, Celsus, and Galen.

After the subversion of the Roman Empire the arts and sciences were totally eclipsed by the barbarous manners of the Europeans, and medicine was transplaced to the peaceful regions of Arabia. Before the crusades, several Hebrew, Arabian, and Latin professors of physic, settled at Salernum, where Charles the Great founded a college for their reception in the year 802.

The commencement of the sixteenth century was rendered memorable by the introduction of chemistry into medicine. Paracelsus endeavoured to explain the art of healing on chemical principles at once fanciful and
illusory.

illusory*.—This was the origin of Quackery, which has since been more destructive to mankind than the sword; nay, empiricism has, in numerous instances, destroyed the health and morals of the credulous voluptuary, who, in grasping present pleasures, is regardless of the consequences.

Medical imposture was early practised in England by Edward the Confessor. That *Royal Quack* pretended to cure the scrofula, or King's Evil, by a *touch*! The fingers of modern monarchs have no such miraculous property; nay, it is well known that, instead of healing the sick, many of them have been destroyers of the health and happiness of the human species. Such was Frederick the Second of Prussia, misnamed *the Great*; a man whose aspiring ambition deluged the continent of Europe with blood.

The absurd practice of touching for the King's Evil was continued so late as the reign of Queen Anne; and Dr. Johnson, while in his infancy, was one of the last of those patients who underwent that farcical operation†. The

* Writers differ respecting Paracelsus. Turner asserts, that "though he boasted he could make man immortal, he died at forty-seven years of age;" and a modern author informs us, that "Paracelsus, although he pretended to have in his possession the stone of immortality, died in his fiftieth year. His vegetable sulphur was a healing and stimulating remedy, similar to the Anodyne liquor of Hoffman." According to the account given by Libavius, this vaunting impostor died at Salzburg, in Germany, in the year 1541, in consequence of his indulgence in dissipation.

† The following account, extracted from the Miscellanies of John Aubrey, Esq. will evince the credulity of our ancestors respecting the miraculous cure of diseases.

The institution of the Royal College of Physicians in London was a powerful restraint on Quackery in this country. This college was founded by the public spirit of Thomas Liancre, physician to Henry VIII. Liancre " had beheld, with concern, the practice of this most useful art chiefly engrossed by illiterate monks and empirics. To strike at the root of this evil he therefore obtained, by his interest with Cardinal Wolsey, letters patent from Henry VIII. dated in the year 1518, constituting a corporate body of regular bred physicians in London ;

" Our English Chronicles do record, that in the reign of King Henry the Third, a child was born in Kent, that, at two years old, cured all diseases. Several persons have been cured of the *King's Evil*, by the touching or handling of a seventh son.

" It is certain that the touch of a dead hand hath wrought wonderful effects, *c g* —One, a painter of Stowel, in Somersetshire, near Bridgewater, had a wen in the inside of his cheek, as big as a pullet's egg, which, by the advice of one, was cured by once or twice touching, or rubbing with a dead woman's hand.

" In Somersetshire, it is confidently reported, that some were cured of the King's Evil by the touch of the Duke of Monmouth. The Lord Chancellor, Bacon, saith, "*That imagination is next kin to miracle working faith.*"

" When King Charles the First was prisoner at Carisbrook Castle, there was a woman touched by him, who had the King's Evil in her eye, and had not seen in a fortnight before, her eye-lids being glued together: as they were at prayers (after the touching) the woman's eyes opened. Mr. Seymer Bowman, with many others, were eye-witnesses of this.

" Arise Evans had a *fungous nose*, and said it was revealed to him that the King's hand would cure him: and at the first coming of King Charles II. into St. James's Park, he kissed the King's hand and rubbed his nose with it; which disturbed the King, but cured him."

London; in whom should reside the sole privilege of admitting persons to practise within that city, and a circuit of seven miles around it; and also of licensing practitioners throughout the whole kingdom, except such as were graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, who, by virtue of their degree, were independent of the college, except within London and its precincts. The college had likewise authority to examine prescriptions and drugs in apothecaries shops; and their censure were enforced with the power of inflicting fines and imprisonment."

Notwithstanding the vigilance of this respectable body, empiricism from time to time committed depredations on the health of the people of England. Francis Anthony, an Englishman, after having studied medicine at Hamburgh, returned to his native country, and in the year 1598, published a treatise concerning a *panacea* extracted from gold. He commenced practitioner in London without a licence from the College of Physicians, in consequence of which he was fined £20, and imprisoned.

In the year 1610, Anthony, after his liberation, published a defence of his *aurum potable*, or potable gold; in which, like other impostors, he affects the greatest candour in disclosing the process of his medicine, while he conceals the nature of its solution. After his death his son obtained a comfortable livelihood by the sale of his father's nostrum; so willing are the unthinking part of mankind to continue the dupes of empiricism!

The belief that gold was possessed of medical virtues seems to have been very general at this time throughout

out Europe. An English writer of the seventeenth century, asserts, “ that gold is the most perfect of all inanimate bodies, out of the power of any of the elements to corrupt or destroy, and the greatest cordial in the world ; an excellent medicine against melancholy.” Few persons will attempt to deny the cheering influence of gold ; but though a purse of that precious metal might be efficacious in the cure of melancholy, the fact is, that most hypochondriacal patients have more gold than their exigencies require.

Indeed the commencement of the seventeenth century may be justly considered as the æra of chemical empiricism, when the genius of medicine pervaded and analyzed the four elements in search of immortality, the vital principle supplied by the air, induced fanciful theorists to imagine that it contained a degree of medical virtue yet undiscovered. We are informed “ that Dr. Majo hath found that the air is impregnated with a *nitro-aerial spirit*, and that it is diffused almost throughout the whole system of nature ; and that fire itself, as to its form and essence, is nothing else but the same spirit put into motion ; and that all fermentations, whether tending to generation, perfection or corruption, depend on this spirit *.”—Now, pray what is the vivifying property attributed to *oxygen gas* by Dr. Beddoes, Mr. Davy, and other whimsical theorists, but a revival of this opinion. So true is the observation of Solomon—“ there is nothing new under the sun.”

On the Continent, the pursuit of an imaginary panacea was prosecuted with a degree of enthusiasm bordering

* Turner's *Curiosities of Art*, page 8.

on phrenzy. An undefinable property of nature, which pseudo-philosophers denominated *original matter*, was sought for in various substances. Gold, from its known purity and durability, was supposed to contain the principles of immortality, and the common people of Italy, France and Germany, denied themselves necessities that they might purchase a little of the *miraculous tincture of gold* !

While the alchymist was busied in dissolving the *heaviest* of metals, other sages were engaged in condensing that most *light* and volatile of the elements—*air*, into the form of powders or drops for the re-invigoration of the human frame, and the restoration of youth and vigour to old age and imbecillity. Time convinced these sages of the futility of such speculations ; yet, during their chemical researches, they made some discoveries which have contributed to the health of man.

Another still more absurd body of impostors, the *Judicial Astrologers*, at this time misled mankind, and pretended that they had discovered the influence of the celestial bodies on the human frame. It appears, indeed, that a very superficial knowledge of surgery and physic was sufficient to ensure the fame of the practitioner. Turner, in his *Wonders of Art*, tells us, with great gravity, “ that a woman of Kenley, in Shropshire, generally known by the name of nurse Corfield, was so famed for her skill in surgery and physic, that it gave occasion for a great confluence of persons and patients to the town where she lived. Many people, not only of the meaner sort, but of the gentry likewise,

for

for thirty or forty miles distance, made their application to her ; insomuch that the inns were filled with guests, and the house turned into an hospital, and her fame exceeded that of any other physician.”—The same author endeavours to prove the communication between human beings and the inhabitants of the invisible world, by “ An account of one Anne Jefferies, of Cornwall, who was fed for six months *by a small sort of airy people called fairies* ; and of the strange and wonderful cures she performed with salves and medicines she received from them, for which she never took one penny of her patients.”—It is remarkable that most of her cures were performed by *contact* and *stroking*, similar to the application of Perkins’s *Metallic Tractors* ; but how much more disinterested was this female worker of miracles, who relieved pain gratis, than *Perkins*, who requires five guineas for a pair of tractors of no greater efficacy than the famous *wooden skewers* with which Dr. Haygarth has performed such miracles at Bath ! Were our Quacks to imitate the disinterestedness of Anne Jefferies, they would be liable only to the censure of fanaticism ; but it is evident that they are willing to publish *any* fictitious account of cures, and practise *any* species of medical imposture, to defraud the credulous of their money.

Even in the eighteenth century, notwithstanding the boasted knowledge and refinement of Europeans, several Quacks publicly asserted their power to cure every disease. Among the most remarkable of these, Messmer deserves particular notice, both on account of his ingenuity and temporary success.

In

In the year 1766, this German impostor, at his outset in Vienna, proposed to cure all diseases by *animal magnetism*. Contrary to the selfish conduct of modern Quacks, he converted his house into an hospital, and imparted the magnetic medicine *gratis*. In consequence of this *seeming benevolence*, his ascendancy over the imagination of the patient infinitely surpassed that of a belief in the healing property of *Perkins's Tractors*; nay, so *penetrating* was the magnetic fluid which Messmer pretended was centered in his own person, that we are told the nervous and hypochondriacal imagined they received blows similar to those given by a blunt piece of iron, though the operator was separated from them by two doors!

In a short time, however, the Germans began to question Messmer's miraculous powers, and to avoid detection he left Vienna and went to Paris, where he was received with marks of the greatest approbation by the curious, the gay, and the dissipated inhabitants of that luxurious capital. The *disinterested* Messmer now instituted a private society, where a number of pupils, who previously took an oath of secrecy and deposited a sum of money, were instructed in the wonderful mysteries of animal magnetism. The immoral practices of several of his pupils led to a discovery of this lawless society of dupes and voluptuaries; in consequence of which the French government appointed a number of learned men to examine the pretensions of Messmer, and discover the reality or imposture of the virtues ascribed to the magnet. "These philosophers," says a modern writer, "among whom we find the names of
Franklin

Franklin and Lavoisier, recognized, indeed, very surprising and unexpected phænomena in the physical state of magnetised individuals; but they gave it as their opinion, that the power of *imagination*, and not animal magnetism, had produced these effects. They perceived, after a number of experiments and facts frequently repeated, that *contact*, *imagination*, *imitation*, and *excited sensibility*, were the real and *sole* causes of these phænomena which had so much confounded the illiterate, the credulous, and the enthusiastic; that this boasted magnetic element had no real existence in nature; and consequently, that Messmer himself was either an arrant impostor, or a deceived fanatic."

While these medical and philosophical transactions amused the Parisians, our English itinerant sages went about doing good. The mountebank cloathed in green and gold; his sagacious head adorned with a tye-wig, and his beneficent hands filled with boluses and bottles, ascended the stage, while the Merry-Andrew, who had collected the people by *sound of trumpet*, approached, and vaulted up beside his master, with whom he entered into a humorous dialogue, and mimicked to the great delight of the surrounding populace. When the witticisms and feats of Mr. Merryman had softened the spectators into universal good humour, the Doctor profited by their hilarity, and dispensed his nostrums to the credulous, who eagerly gave their money for the inestimable *box of pills*, *healing balm*, or *bottle of cordial*, which were indued with virtues not only to cure existing diseases, but even to operate as a kind of *magical preventive* of every ailment.

When

When any of these itinerant empirics by dint of perseverance and enterprise had realized a property, he became a *resident physician* in London, assumed consequence, and, like modern Quacks, lived sumptuously on the liberality of his dupes.

Having given a short sketch of the history of Quackery, we shall now proceed to analyze the writings of some famous modern empirics, who, not content with eminence in their wonderful profession of working miracles, seem desirous of aspiring to literary fame.

The first of these distinguished personages is Dr. Brodum, whose medicines have so long been the daily theme of paragraphists. This ingenious man is a German Jew ; he attended Dr. Bossy in quality of a footman, when that beneficent sage came over to enlighten the eyes of the English, and with him made the tour of England. Having obtained the knowledge of several medical terms, by being present at the lectures of his eloquent master, this enterprising little lacquey resolved to commence Doctor himself. We are not certain whether the love of gain, or a desire to alleviate the sufferings of his fellow-creatures, first induced Dr. Brodum to give up the science of shaving, dressing a wig, and brushing a coat, for the more elegant art of preparing the *Nervous Cordial* and *Botanical Syrup* ; two medicines which, from the Doctor's knowledge of the Linnæan system of botany, we may consider as grand restoratives of nature. Perhaps his medical skill was communicated in a vision by some *Demon* of the German *Illuminati*. But it is

B

not

not improbable that the secret of preparing the above-mentioned medicines is hereditary in his family, as the Doctor himself seems to insinuate, when he tells us, in his "*Guide to Old Age*," that "there is no other person of the name of Brodum in England." Many are the different mediums by which wisdom can be imparted to others. Count Cagliostro may have bequeathed to the Doctor the secret of *manufacturing* his *Baume de vie*; or, perhaps, the famous Count de St. Germaine communicated his recipe for the preparation of his *Tea for prolonging Life*.

The talisman, however, which metamorphosed a lacquey into a physician was the diploma which the *benevolent* and *disinterested* professors in the Marischal College of Aberdeen sent to this enterprising foreigner. But whether that learned body accepted a pecuniary compensation of one pound six shillings and three-pence sterling, as *Dr. Pangloss* says they did from him; or whether the little German was liberal enough to send them a larger sum, is only known to the parties concerned.

Soon after the commencement of his medical career the Doctor found a powerful auxiliary in the person of the late Quack Doctor Freeman's widow. His union with this *sapient female* contributed much to his *physical knowledge*, and if she proves a fruitful vine, their illustrious progeny, by a timely initiation into the principles of medical imposture, may be able to supply all the *dupes* and *fools* in Europe with remedies for every disease.

Having

Having travelled through different parts of England * like a public benefactor, generously dispensing medicines for a small compensation, the Doctor at length resolved to become a resident in this metropolis.

That merit, such as his, should go unrewarded would have been an extraordinary instance of degeneracy in the English nation. A man who raised himself from the humble situation of a menial servant to the honourable avocation of working miracles; and who, without either genius or education, has been the author of a work which he says has already passed through upwards of fifty editions, must be a most wonderful being!

Every person who has the pleasure of an acquaintance with this curious little Doctor must acknowledge, that he is companionable and hospitable; and so skilful in vocal music as to excite the risibility, if not the contempt of the hearer. Indeed, he is so far from being phlegmatic, like the generality of his countrymen,

* One instance of the Doctor's cunning deserves notice. It is said, that, at his commencement, he caused bills to be printed, and stuck up in different towns where he exhibited, offering a reward to whoever would find and restore a diamond ring, a watch, or some other valuable article which he had lost. Hence John Bull was duped, and considered Dr. B. as a man of very great importance indeed! We are not informed how long he continued his itinerant practice, but if he did not, like his former master, *open the eyes* of the credulous, he certainly cured numbers of their implicit confidence in the efficacy of Quack medicines.

that he is gifted with all the vivacity, effrontery, and address characteristic of the accomplished lacquey.

A person with such multifarious endowments must be fully adequate to the important task of producing a treatise fraught with instruction, and calculated to guide the aspiring youth of *Old England* to the desirable attainment of a *premature old age*, a consummation which they appear to be ambitious of arriving at with all possible celerity, if we may judge from the dissoluteness of their lives.

Let us now proceed to analyze that sublime and beautiful production of genius, entitled, "*A Guide to Old Age, or a Cure for the Indiscretions of Youth.*" The dedication is a most elegant specimen of the Doctor's literary abilities. He *modestly praises himself* as a public benefactor, who has contributed to the health of the people, and on that presumption he inscribes his pamphlet to the KING! Although the Doctor has thus ventured to claim the patronage of our chief magistrate, as we may suppose, from a consciousness of his own integrity, had he lived in the reign of Alfred the Great, that prince would doubtless have exalted him to a very conspicuous situation.

As poetry and romance have so long tended to viti-ate the public taste, Dr. Brodum has endeavoured to counteract such frivolity by *profound observations* on different diseases. It is evident, indeed, that the genius of the sage produced this volume by many a nocturnal incubation, while the goddess of dulness herself

herself leaned forward from her leaden throne, to claim the new born progeny of the brain as her own. Instead of adhering to the precept of Horace, and drinking wine, the Doctor most certainly quaffed porter during his studies; in consequence of which he has descended to the very depths of the bathos, farther than any other medical writer, except his profound contemporary Dr. Solomon*.

The compiler of *Literary Memoirs of Living Authors*, speaking of Dr. Brodum, calls him "one of those empirics in physic, and newspaper puffers, whose machinations are gulphs to the current of life." How illiberal! can a man who devotes his studies to the benefit of the *public* and *himself* deserve so harsh a censure; nay, was it not invidious in the critic to omit the name of Doctor Solomon, whose pamphlet was equally entitled to his observation. Dr. Brodum in this, and every other instance of invidious animadversion on his public services, may console himself

* As curiosities of Literature, the pamphlets of Drs. B. and S. are equally entitled to the notice of the speculatist, who delights to contemplate human nature in all its varieties. Both these medical treatises are written under the influence of such superlative dulness and vanity, that it would be difficult to decide which is best entitled to our contempt. Indeed they are completely *sonnific*, and persons who regret the inefficacy of the Nervous Cordial, and the Balm of Gilead, may find a temporary alleviation of pain in the perusal of the "Guide to Old Age," and the "Guide to Health," the soporific pages of which will lull the reader to repose, and be useful as an effectual opiate, superior even to opium in stupefying the brain.

with the reflection that *great men* have ever been subject to the empoisoned shafts of calumny, and “ that censure is a tax which a man must pay to the public for being eminent.”

The efficacy of the Doctor’s medicines is supported by a *cloud of witnesses*, consisting of letters from correspondents, most of whom probably occupy garrets in this metropolis, though the letters are said to have been sent from different parts of Great Britain. Very much to the credit of Dr. B. he is said to patronize genius, by liberally rewarding the authors of those elegant advertisements with which he occasionally adorns our newspapers. Surely a man of feeling must be in a most deplorable state of penury before he can bring himself to prostitute his talents in support of Quackery ! He may, like the apothecary in the play, exclaim, “ my poverty and not my will consents : ” but let him consider that such an evasion will not silence conscience at the hour of death.

As the principal part of Dr. B.’s pamphlet consists of an account of cases, and cures said to have been effected by the administration of the Doctor’s nostrums, we shall pass them as totally uninteresting to the *lovers of truth*. Indeed, the *Guide to Old Age* is the most complete system of *pseudology* ever published, except the very elegant and elaborate treatises written by his brethren Dr. Solomon and Mr. D. B. Perkins.

This sublime and beautiful production naturally sinks to the true *profundity obscure* as we approach the magical

cal finis, which most readers will wish had appeared sooner. Speaking of his Botanical Syrup, Dr. B. asserts, that “ *he is not a nostrum-vender;*” and requests the reader to “ ask for Dr. B.’s Syrup, because there are various sorts of syrup advertised in tin bottles.”

The Doctor, like a beneficent philosopher, says, that “ any lady or gentleman who is *exceedingly ill*, had better make a personal application, that he may have it in his power to give prescriptions or other advice. Any lady or gentleman, whose case will not permit them to quit their own houses, may be *waited upon* with the greatest attention by the Doctor at five guineas a-week.”—This moderate fee bespeaks the benignity and piety of the learned Doctor; for it is clear that being a *Jew*, and most of his *wise patients* professing Christianity, he will attend on the Jewish and Christain sabbath *gratis*.

As a still farther proof of the excellence of his medicines, Dr. B. has published the affidavit of a John M’Gowen, who must be a man of a very lively imagination. He swears, that he “ received *astonishing benefit* by taking the Nervous Cordial, which was recommended to him by a medical man,” very probably by Dr. B. himself! and he concludes this *tremendous oath*, by swearing that he was “ cured of a bilious fever, yellow jaundice, and palpitation of the heart.” The latter part of this affidavit is remarkable for the wily caution with which it is worded; for the deponent does not *swear* that it was Dr. Brodum’s

Nervous

Nervous Cordial which cured him of a complication of diseases, he leaves that to the judgment of the reader, whose credulity must be *astonishing* indeed, if *such an oath* can prompt him to swallow a nostrum.

The Guide to Old Age is, like Solomon's Guide to Health, embellished with a portrait of the author, so that the happy convalescent may contemplate the benign lineaments of his benefactor. Indeed, if viewed with the scrutinizing eye of a physiognomist, it might be found that Dr. B's portrait presented *traits* of *servility* and *cunning* unworthy of the countenance of a philosopher.

When we reflect, however, on the national benefit of the universal health bestowed by those *retailers* of *sanity*, or *miracle-mongers*, we must rejoice in the idea that agriculture, manufactures, and every art and science may now be pursued without the interruption of sickness. Public-spirited men, like our *advertising physicians*, have a claim on the national gratitude, and are justly entitled to civic honours. If a Roman who saved the life of a citizen was considered as a benefactor to the state, how much more should such men as Dr. Brodum and Dr. Solomon, who have saved thousands, be rewarded and honoured? Would it not be worthy of British generosity to open a subscription for the purpose of erecting statues of these *good men*. The statues might be placed as ornaments to the front of Newgate, one on the right side, and the other on the left of that awful spot, whence so many youthful heroes take flight to the world

world unknown. The victim of vice, whom the laws of his country had doomed to an untimely grave, might then point to the statues and moralize, with his last breath, on the beneficial effect of *nostrums*, while he acknowledged, that the promise of *renovated health* had induced him to continue his *career of depravity*, and to wander through the haunts of impurity and disease, till excess, like flame to the oil, *exhausted his constitution*, and pernicious habits drove him to an open violation of the laws of that society which had “ cast him off like a detested sin ! ”

Among other proofs of his superior penetration and sagacity, Dr. B. informs us, that “ there is no other person of the name of Brodum in England.” To this observation some cynical readers might be induced to reply, that the people of England might have been just *as well* without the Doctor himself. Such cavillers, however, should consider what an extraordinary person he must be, whose *sensorium* can, with a single glance, survey a nation ! Perhaps this wonderful strength of sight was communicated by his master, Dr. Bossy, who travelled so long through England *enlightening the eyes* of the people, but whose own optics are now, alas, closed for ever !

The Panopticon, invented by Beetham, was a mere trifle compared with the extensive range of Dr. B.’s sight ; and he might be employed to good purpose as a kind of *animated telegraph*, if placed at the Admiralty. “ But who,” cries a lover of medicine, with indignation, “ who would convert a philosopher into
a tele-

a telegraph! No, no; the Doctor is too valuable to the community to be made a mere machine of, though several wrongheaded people obstinately assert that we would enjoy *better health* if there was *no person of the name of Brodum in England.*”

It appears that this aspiring little Jew “*would be a soldier.*” When the magnanimous Mr. Reeves sounded the *tocsin* of alarm, and taylor, barbers, artificial florists, and man-milliners rushed to arms in defence of *their property*, the Doctor, not content with pursuing one species of destruction, became ambitious of distinguishing himself as a *manqueller* in the tented field! Accordingly, in an evil hour, he became a member of the St. James’s corps of volunteers, to the great consumption of his roast beef and wine; for he, with true *Jewish* hospitality, invited several of his brother soldiers to dinner from time to time, and by the *eloquence of good cheer*, endeavoured to obtain their suffrages in promoting him to the rank of an officer. Disgusted at the idea of being commanded by an *Israelite*, the corps, very much to their honour, repressed the ambition of our hero, who soon afterwards laid down his arms, and resumed his usual instruments of war, collected from the vegetable kingdom. It certainly was rather impolitic to reject poor Dr. B.; for had the war with France continued, a man of his wonderful versatility of genius might have been of essential service in a *military* as well as a *medical* capacity. A few drops of his *Nervous Cordial* would have operated as a most excellent tonic to raw soldiers on their first onset, and
from

from the Doctor's uncommon powers of vision, he would have made an excellent *aide-de-camp*, as he was eminently qualified to reconnoitre the position of the enemy.

Very much to the honour of Dr. B. and his dulcinea, they both *cordially* agree in the beneficial properties of the Nervous Cordial. Indeed, whoever doubts the efficacy of this medicine may obtain ocular demonstration of its benign influence in the transformation of a menial into a gentleman—an itinerant *empiric* into a *resident physician*, regularly graduated at the Marischal College of Aberdeen. Nor does the excellent properties of this nostrum end here, for its influence over the *credulous* is so great, that, like Fortunatus's purse, it supplies its ingenious inventor with money, which enables him to live very comfortably. Such are the excellent, *moral*, and *physical effects of quackery*.

Let us now turn our attention from the principal advertising physiciaa of London to another sage, the well known Dr. Solomon, of Liverpool; who, like his competitor for public patronage, is a Jew, an empiric, and an author.

This *graduate* has, like Dr. B. been authorised by the philanthropic professors of the Marischal College of Aberdeen to practise as a physician. Dr. Solomon was too prudent to tell the world how many English guineas he gave for the Scotch Degree; but whoever reads the diploma, and observes the name of Beattie subscribed, will be ready to exclaim,—“ Have the

muses

muses become venal; does the *ministrel* himself stoop to confer academic honours on the worthless?"—
O disgraceful fact! *

Dr. Solomon's pamphlet, entitled, *A Guide to Health*, is manifestly written to promote the sale of his nostrum; for, like the miserable production of the German Quack, there are no medical precepts in the volume that can be of the smallest utility. Yet while we regret the total want of medical knowledge, and the vulgar obscenity of Dr. S. we cannot but admire the diffidence with which he begins his introduction: "This book," says he, "being calculated for private individuals, there is no one in the English language that will be of more use to them!" Modest and unassuming sage; the reader must doubtless become strongly prepossessed in favour of a production *so candidly approved by its author!*

After the introduction the reader is presented with an *advertisement*, which informs him, that "the *Guide to Health* has been pirated, and many spurious copies are in circulation." To counteract this the Doctor has signed "his name on each book *with a pen.*" He farther says, that "*the public may be assured they are attempted to be imposed upon.*" This well written advertisement contains much *useful information* respecting Dr. Solomon. Most people who

* 472.
ing in North Britain, let it be remembered, to the honour of the Universities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, that no person can receive a degree at either of these colleges without a previous examination.

are endowed with common sense, will readily agree with the Doctor, that *all* the copies which they have ever seen of the *Guide to Health*, were not only *spurious guides*, but pernicious both to health and morals. It must be very pleasing to the lovers of literature to find that a philosopher, like Dr. Solomon, can *write his name*; and what is more extraordinary still, it appears that this celebrated name is written "*on a book*;" and to raise our astonishment to the highest degree of sublimity, gentle reader, Dr. Solomon writes "*with a pen*."—Information still more valuable, especially to the *credulous*, is communicated by the latter part of this curious advertisement, where the Doctor tells us, that "the public may be assured they are attempted to be imposed upon:" a confession which proves that Dr. Solomon is a *conscientious* man! Probably he apprehended *approaching dissolution*, when he honestly made this public avowal of imposition. Be that as it may, every sensible man will *cordially* coincide with Dr. Solomon, that the various attempts made by *Quack Doctors* to defraud the public are but too often successful.

Speaking of nervous diseases, the Doctor says,—
 "As nervous and hypochondriac complaints are much more prevalent in Europe than is generally imagined, I have been very attentive to their method of cure, and hope the following will prove as good a treatise on these diseases as any extant." Can we sufficiently admire the elegance of the style, and the *spirited egotism* which animates this interesting extract.

In page 36 we are informed, “ that the most learned physicians have been unable to discover in the Cordial Balm of Gilead the least particle of mercury, antimony, iron, or any other mineral except gold, pure virgin gold, and the true Balm of Mecca.” What an excellent Alchymist ! Without doubt Doctor Solomon has converted all the *gold* sent to him by the public into *cordial balm* for the relief of the diseased. The costly preparation of this nostrum at once accounts for the scarcity of the gold in circulation, Dr. Solomon has dissolved our guineas into balm ! Let us no longer express our disapprobation of bank notes ; for where is there a man so selfish that he would not give his last seven shilling piece for so patriotic a purpose as to preserve the health of the nation.

Doctor Solomon does not tell us by what means the wonderful secret of mingling gold and the balm of Mecca was first communicated to him. Perhaps the *inspiring dove* of MAHOMET flew from Mecca to the Doctor with the healing balm on its wings, and excited him to impose upon the vile Christians of England ; thus, by a combination of *Jewish* and *Mahometan wisdom*, enabling the sage to work miracles.

Cavillers may say that the Doctor’s pretensions to a new discovery in medicine is only a revival of the *chimerical* experiments of former deluded alchymists ; but from his general professions of benevolence, it must be evident, that he not *only* means well, but is convinced of the efficacy of his *Anti-Inpetigines*. This *hard name* reminds us of the observations of a Spanish satyrist

satyrist on Quack medicines :—" To hear Quacks call over their *simples*," says he, " would make you swear they were raising so many devils; such as, Opopanex, Buphtalmas, Alectorolophos, Ophioscroden, and a great many more. And by all this formidable bombast is meant nothing in the world but a few simple roots, such as carrots, turnips, radishes, and the like. But they keep the old proverb in remembrance—*he that knows thee will never buy thee*: and, therefore, every thing must be made a mystery, to hold the public in ignorance."

The Doctor gives a long extract from the Medical and Physical Journal, which describes the properties of the balm of Mecca, a drug which the superstitious folly of the Eastern Nations has exalted much above its value. The description, however, of this medicine will probably throw some light on the Doctor's balm; " the odour of this balm resembles a compound of rosemary and sage, partaking also, in a slight degree, of the nature of turpentine; besides which, it partially emits the flavour of lemons and mace? Is it not extremely probable that Dr. Solomon's wonderful Anti-Impetigines, or Cordial Balm of Gilead, is composed of an intermixture of rosemary, sage, turpentine, lemons, and mace? Happy will it be for the credulous, if this nostrum is prepared from no worse materials, though even these may in some diseases prove fatal to the deluded patient!

After wading through a mass of dulness, obscenity and nonsense, unparalleled even by Dr. Brodum himself, the reader is amused with an account of won-

derful cures, and letters, which, from the *dull sameness of the style*, appear to have been written either by the Doctor himself or some wretched scribbler equally destitute of genius and principle. Without insulting the reader with an extract from this *Jakes of Quackery*, we shall hasten to criticise his sapient “Observations on the Use and Abuse of Cold-bathing.”

“Very fat or corpulent persons,” says he, “should avoid the cold-bath, for their fibres are so *stuffed round*, and as it were *bolstered up*, that they have no room to vibrate or contract, with the *sudden squeeze* of the bath; instead, therefore, of *enforcing* their *springs* and *shaking off* any unnecessary *incumbrances*, they will only be strained to no purpose, and consequently weakened; for wheresoever an effort is made to remove any thing by an elastic body, if the first exertion fails, every impetus afterwards languishes, and the spring *is spoiled*.” This specimen of Dr. Solomon’s excellence in the bathos ought to be preserved as a literary curiosity unequalled even by the *palpable obscure* of Dr. Brodum himself. The significance of those elegant and apposite phrases, “*sudden squeeze*,” “*enforcing springs*,” and the *languishing impetus*, in consequence of which the *spring is spoiled*, are so *unique* and expressive, that it would be difficult to find a passage so elegantly descriptive in the works of our best English writers.

It has been mentioned in the former part of this work, that the Doctor has adorned his elegant treatise with his portrait. Besides this embellishment he has
favoured

favoured the public with an engraving of his mansion in Liverpool. Hence the happy *few* who have been so fortunate as to outlive the effects of his Cordial Balm may view the residence of their benefactor. A scale is annexed, by which it appears, that the body of this *consecrated tenement* is seventy feet long ; and undoubtedly, were the philanthropic proprietor exalted according to his merit, he would be placed by public justice in a situation as eminent and conspicuous as *that which conferred immortality on HAMMAN !*

We are informed by puffing paragraphs in the newspapers, that “ Dr. Solomon has published a new and enlarged edition of his *Guide to Health*, consisting of ten thousand copies ! ” Does the miserable scribbler imagine that any one will believe this ; and must not the fabricators of such pernicious falsehoods feel a degree of remorse for having recommended such ridiculous nostrums as the Anti-Impetigenes to the credulous part of the community ! Such is the dreadful effects of the press being entrusted to the venal and the profligate, who will not hesitate to publish any puff for money ! *

* The authenticity of the following curious anecdote will scarcely be doubted by any person except a dupe to quackery. In consequence of an accident which happened through his own inadvertence, it is said, that Dr. S. was obliged to send for a physician, who, on feeling his pulse, declared that he was surprised to find him so much alarmed when there were such trifling symptoms of indisposition. “ Not so very trifling as you imagine,” replied the Quack, “ for to tell you the truth, *I have swallowed some of my own nostrum in a mistake.* ”

It is really lamentable that his Majesty's Attorney General is not informed of such publications as Dr. Brodum's *Guide to Old Age*, and Dr. Solomon's *Guide to Health*. Perhaps the moment is approaching when he may take cognizance of these *moral essays*, and there can be little doubt that the sage and beneficent authors will be amply rewarded. Whoever publishes an obscene pamphlet is liable to fine, imprisonment, and the pillory. How much greater then should the *reward* be of such as endeavoured to poison the health and morals of a people, by the propagation of falsehood and imposture? In this light the Attorney-General may think proper to recommend a trip to Botany Bay to these beneficent Doctors. There they might administer their nostrums to the colonists, and fraternize with their respectable friend and fellow-labourer for the public good, Mr. George Barrington!

On the other hand it may be asserted, that Doctors of such transcendent skill could not be spared out of England. But as cavillers have often complained that our *advertising physicians* accept a pecuniary compensation for their public services, this might be obviated by placing them in some receptacle appropriated to the improvement of public morals—in *Bridewell* for instance. There they would have the pleasure of meeting several of their former patients, not only restored to health, but employed in *preparing hemp* for the benefit of the community.

In this school of morality and physic, Dr. B. Dr. S. Mr. P. Dr. S. and several other benign sages, might prepare and dispense their medicines *gratis*, and this mode of exercising their skill would effectually silence their calumniators. Among many improvements of this enlightened age, we might then boast of having converted an *English House of Correction* into what it was originally designed to be,—*A Temple of Health and Morality*; and advertising physicians would soon cease to impose upon the credulous part of the community.

With regard to the respective merit of the German and English Quacks, it would be difficult to determine which is best entitled to our approbation. Dr. S. being a Jew of our own growth, probably considers Dr. B. as an interloper. We do not hear that either of these practitioners are popular among their brethren. The children of *Abraham* are too cunning to give their *monish* for either the Nervous Cordial, or even the Balm of *Gilead* itself! Indeed the incredulity of the Israelites is proverbial. Dr. Solomon, like the King of the Jews, is doubtless skilled in the virtues of every simple, “from the cedar that grows in Lebanon to the hyssop that grows on the wall;” and he even seems to excel the Royal empiric by experiments upon those *asenine bipeds* who swallow his cordial. Fair dames, who are desirous to imbibe instruction at the fountain head, have now a fine opportunity to gratify their curiosity: and we may expect to hear of some fashionable *demireps* visiting the

the *wise man* of Liverpool, as the Queen of Sheba did his namesake at Jerusalem.

Dr. Senate, like a benevolent philosopher, has endeavoured to remedy the waste occasioned by the sword, by *Lozenges of Steel*, which will render even sterility itself prolific. It is remarkable that the Doctor should think it necessary, in a public advertisement, to “declare *solemnly* that no person living, except himself and another person, ever saw or has any knowledge of the preparation from which *Les Pastilles Martiales De Montpellier*, or *Aromatic Lozenges of Steel*, are prepared.”—This metal has ever been either an excellent friend or formidable enemy to the human race, according to the use to which it was applied. The poet says,

“What time would spare from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like man, submit to fate;
Steel could the labours of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust th’ imperial tow’rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground;
What wonder then, fair dame, thy health should feel
The conqu’ring force of unresisted steel!

Indeed there is the greatest probability that such ladies as are rash enough to swallow the *metalline tonic* of Dr. S. will have but too much reason to agree with the poet.

Few persons will have the hardihood to deny the power of steel. As a *political medicine*, it has been pretty liberally dispensed on the continent, to the destruction
of

of myriads of the human species; but how lozenges of the same metal can be conducive to population, is extremely paradoxical indeed. It appears that the Doctor, from motives of delicacy, will not give his printed directions to any one of the male sex. If this little book, however, should pass through half the number of editions which Quack Doctors aver theirs have, we will probably be able to obtain and analyze his excellent precepts.

Peace is rather inauspicious to the Doctor's celebrity, for his lozenges will undoubtedly fall into disrepute, in consequence of the return of our soldiers and sailors. The most sceptical mortal will hardly doubt that the exertions of those heroes will increase the population of the United Kingdom more in *one year*, than the universal administration of the Lozenges of Steel would be able to effect *in a century*!

Next to the physicians who have recommended internal medicines to the public, may be mentioned those eminent surgeons who have distinguished themselves by *professing* to cure external ailments.

The first of these is Mr. B. D. Perkins, whose father and grandfather have dispensed health in both hemispheres. So just is the eulogium of the poet—

“Arm'd with twin skewers, see Perkins by main force,
Drag the foul fiend from Christian and from horse!”

In the preface of a pamphlet, entitled, “The Influence of the Metallic Tractors on the Human Body,” we are informed, that “the writer has crossed

crossed the Atlantic and become a resident of London *, that he may devote his time and attention to the diffusion of this important discovery, and its application to the relief of the miseries of mankind."

Excellent and philanthropic young man ; disinterested son of a generous father ; thou hast ventured thy life over the innumerable waves of the vast western ocean, and hastened, on the wings of Zepherus, with *healing in thy Tractors*, to remove disease from Britain. What reward can be adequate to thy services ! If the small remuneration of five guineas a *brace* be an insufficient compensation, thou mayest, *O friend Perkins*, receive the more glorious recompence of academic honours, which the professors of the liberal sciences in Aberdeen are so willing to bestow, *gratuitously*, on merit. But perhaps, friend, the price of a few sets of thy Tractors might accelerate this desirable event ; and it is not improbable that, instead of a personal examination, the sage professors would be content with examining the *bank-notes* inclosed in thy letter.

Although Mr. P. art, he ob-
serves, that it is not his in thold the ad-
vantages of the discovery from the public, who may be supplied with his curious instruments for the moderate price of *five guineas a sett*, which Mr. P. considers as a *trifle* !

After giving what he calls an historical sketch of

* Dr. Johnson calls London " the needy villain's general home."

the discovery, Mr. P. authenticates the efficacy of his wonderful Tractors by a number of experiments.

A letter, written by J. Tilton, an American, M. D. contains the following passage:—"Even Messmer, in his application of the metals, was patronized by the ablest physicians in Germany, until he covered and obscured those simple facts, which should have been improved for the benefit of society, *with empirical frauds, that had no object beyond the accumulation of money.*" Had this learned Doctor addressed the inventor of the Metallic Tractors with—"Go and do thou likewise," he might have proved that he had been *advised* to practise *imposture*; but now what can he say for himself? May he not with propriety exclaim—"Not content with imposing on my own countrymen, I have sent my own son to profit by the credulity of Britons."

In this pamphlet Mr. P. asserted, that the Tractors would cure a burn or scald in a few minutes, and the Monthly Reviewers have recommended an experiment to him, which would certainly put both himself and the Tractors to a complete *ordeal*.

"As the Tractors are generously presented to the public at only five guineas a pair, it is clear that one pair would suffice to cure all the burns and scalds of a large parish. If Mr. P. or any admirer of the discovery, would submit to have *a red hot poker* run into some part of his body not necessary to life, in any public coffee-house within the bills of mortality, and would afterwards heal the wound in presence of the
company

company in ten minutes, or in half as many hours, by means of the *Tractors*, the most iron-hearted infidel could not resist such a demonstration.

“ We are rejoiced, on Mr. Perkins’s account to find that the Connecticut Society had only denounced him as a *Messmerist* ; we trembled lest he should have been put into the inquisitorial hands of the old women, as a white witch.

“ To trace the relations and dependencies of projects similar to that of Dr. Perkins, would now be a work of more labour than utility. The fund of public credulity is an inexhaustible resource for those who can resolve to levy contributions on it. In vain is the spirit of quackery exorcised in one form ; it rises again immediately, ‘ with twenty ghastly murders on its head, to push us from our stools.’ We who have contemplated the progress of real knowledge, during a long course of years, have seen many bubbles like this glitter for a moment, and then disappear for ever. People may talk of *Mesmerism* and *Perkinism* ; but we consider all such varieties as belonging to the old and extensive class, *Charlatanism*.” *

A philosopher, like a prophet, is not esteemed in his own country. This is evident from the opposition which Dr. Perkins has experienced in the *metallic* practice. The magicians of former ages used only a single word in their conflict with demons ; but for

* Monthly Review for April 1799, p. 464.

the greater certainty Mr. P. has provided himself and his disciples with a *pair of pointed weapons*, being thus prepared to parry as well as strike in their encounter with the demon of disease.

Very much to the honour of the clerical body there are not wanting a number of *reverend abettors* of Mr. P.'s philosophy. Indeed, had the patentee lived in a superstitious age, he would probably either have been *burned as a magician*, or *worshipped* as a legitimate descendant of Esculapius himself! Even in this age of reason, when water-closets are constructed on mathematical principles, we find that excellent man, the Rev. D. T. *trotting* or *scampering* about from house to house, and working miracles on the burnt hands of our *silly women* with the *Tractors*.—*O horrible, O horrible, most horrible!* that a man, whose avocation should be the dispensing of the bread of life to a Christian household, should spend his time in applying *two skewers* to the *inflamed* and *inflaming* eyes, bosoms, and hands of the fair sex! Certainly this poor man, like the sapient Lord R***** is under the influence of Mr. Perkins's American familiar demon, which probably was first conjured up from the abyss of the Atlantic ocean by the incantations of Dr. Franklin.

Nor is poor Dr. T. the only reverend man who suffers by the morbid influence of this delusion, the Rev. Mr. N——, and several others who profess the knowledge of the truth have become so much infatuated as to “speak smooth things, and prophesy deceits,” respecting the virtue of American iron. Is

D

there

there not some reason to suspect that this shocking deception is occasioned by a mental disease, and that the *love of Mammon* has instigated these fanatics to perambulate like sorcerers, armed with a pair of iron skewers, and exorcising the demons of gout, rheumatism, nay, even the god of fire, in the name of Dr. Perkins!

Mr. P. confines the magical influence of his Tractors to the cure of *topical diseases*; but has he tried their efficacy in cases of internal complaint? Perhaps these admirable bits of metal might, by timely application reduce the *tympany*, a disease to which our *female philosophers* are particularly subject. During his operation on the fair patient, Mr. P. might be able to discover by his *olfactory nerves*, whether the disease was occasioned by flatulency, or proceeded from some indigestible substance.

This humane and disinterested young man has published a second pamphlet, in which "the fallacious attempt of Dr. Haygarth to detract from the merits of the Tractors, are detected and fully confuted." This elegant and elaborate treatise, however, is severely criticised by the Monthly Reviewers, who, contrary to the laws of hospitality, and not having *the fear of the Metallic Tractors before their eyes*, appear determined to expose Mr. Perkins's deceptions. How unpolite! would it not have been more liberal in these critics to have exclaimed with my uncle Toby, "Go, poor devil, there is room enough in the world for us and thee. Practise your impositions as long as you

you find people credulous enough to be duped by your assertions and the letters of hypocrites.”

Mr. P. imports his Tractors from America in parcels of two hundred sets, *valued by him* at one thousand guineas! Suppose this miraculous physician should dispose of only the abovementioned number every week; on an average we would exchange fifty-two thousand guineas annually for *base metal*. O Englishmen! how long will you suffer yourselves to be imposed on by the artifice of empirics! How long will you, confessedly the most wealthy and sensible nation on earth, permit Quack Doctors to prey upon the fruits of your industry!

It is true many credulous and foolish people in this country, especially in the metropolis, are very opulent, and often imagine themselves indisposed when only labouring under the torpor of indolence. Such beings will purchase any nostrum, however ridiculous, and their imagination being roused and amused by making experiments, the animal spirits acquire a greater degree of activity, and the doltish individual fancies himself restored to a lively state of health by such a miraculous operation as rubbing the points of two iron skewers along his *epidermis*!

Some metals, if they cannot relieve pain, certainly communicate pleasure by contact. This is experienced in the agreeable sensations felt by the nerves when one receives a purse of gold. Doubtless the *pure palm* of Mr. Perkins has often itched for money, or he would never have ventured so far to impose upon

credulous Englishmen, and barter his iron for our guineas. Indeed, if Doctor Solomon continues to dissolve our gold into Cordial Balm, and Mr. Perkins sends such vast quantities of it to America, that article will soon become so scarce, that we shall not have one guinea to rub upon another !

Although the Monthly Reviewers had given their decision against Perkins's Tractors, he very sagaciously contrived to have a number of his bills sewed in with the cover of that publication, concluding that the public would think he had the sanction of the editor. The fact is, the editor knew nothing of the transaction, and the *spirited* and *unbiassed* critics who support that elegant Review, have since published their approbation of Dr. Haygarth's essay, and their decisive censure of Mr. Perkins's feeble attempt to refute the Doctor's reasoning *.

And now, courteous reader, as we have investigated the claims, and exposed the fallacy, of the *four principal empirics who infest England*, little remains to be said on this subject. It is true there are several other *miracle-mongers* of inferior note ; such as the vender of Leake's patent pills ; the fabricator of the *magical anodyne* necklace, to produce milk in the nurse's breast ; Dr. Barton's *vital wine*, and that still more *volatile cordial oxygen gas*. But these, as well as Dr.

* See Monthly Review for August 1801, in which the absurdity of resorting to such *wretched palliatives* as two bits of metal, is exposed with that peculiar pleasantry, and happy vein of humour for which the Reviewers are so remarkable.

Squirrel's tonic drops and powders, are too insignificant to require animadversion. Let us now compare the impostors of the present day with those who flourished, like *rank* and *obscene* weeds, in this capital a few years ago. The comparison will demonstrate the superior genius of former empirics over our contemporaries.

The first of those *departed philosophers* who once came to London with promises of perpetual health and pleasure, was the famous Doctor Graham, a Quack, whose vivacity and enterprising genius excelled Dr. Brodum and Dr. Solomon*.

D 3

Graham

* Whoever will compare the following advertisement of Dr. G. with the *dull egotism* that prevails in the puffs of our modern Quacks, will be convinced of the superiority of the former, which, however extravagant, is entertaining.

TEMPLE OF HEALTH, ADELPHI.

To their Excellencies the Foreign Ambassadors, to the Nobility,
Gentry, and to Persons of Learning and Taste,
This and To morrow Evening, exactly at Eight o'Clock.

The Celestial Brilliancy of the Medico-electrical apparatus of the Temple will be exhibited by Dr. GRAHAM himself, who will have the honour of explaining the true nature and effects of electricity, air, music, and magnetism, which applied to the human body.

In the introductory oration, the whole art of enjoying health and vigour of body and mind, and of preserving and exalting personal beauty and loveliness; or, in other words, of living with health and happiness in this world, for at least an hundred years, is pointed out and warmly inculcated.

Previous

Graham spoke with decision, and promised his dupes that they should “live with health, honour and happiness in this world at least one hundred years.” Yet, poor man, he died of a *premature old age* in Edinburgh, and his dissolution was accelerated by intemperance. Our modern quacks are too cunning to mention any particular period of longevity, lest their pretensions should be compared with those of former deceivers. Even as literary candidates the performance of Dr. S. and Dr. B. will shrink into insignificance when contrasted with the energy which animates Dr. Graham’s advertisements; and he informs us, that his pamphlet “run through three large editions in one week;” a sale unequalled by the pretended extensive circulation mentioned by Dr. Solomon in his newspaper puffs.

A Mr. Lattese evinced wonderful superiority of skill to that of Dr. Senate. The latter, indeed, by

Previous to the display of the electrical fire, the Doctor will delicately touch upon the Celestial Beds, which are soon to be opened in the Temple of Hymen, in Pall-Mall, for the propagating of Beings rational, and far stronger and more beautiful in mental as well as in bodily endowments, than the present puny, feeble, and nonsensical race of probationary immortals, which crawl, and fret, and politely play at cutting one another’s throats for nothing at all, on this terraqueous globe.

This apparatus, which visibly displays, as it were, the various faculties of the material soul of universal and eternal nature, is acknowledged by all, who have seen it, to be by far the largest, most useful, and most magnificent that now is, or that ever was in the world.

the

the aid of his martial lozenges, proposes to *confer fecundity* ; but Mr. Lattese in his researches discovered a secret by which parents, who were desirous of an heir male “ *should positively have a boy !* ”—Could Dr. Senate perform such a miracle, there is little doubt that, like the Spartans of ancient Greece, we should soon be the most warlike people in modern Europe. Heroes, whose origin was derived from steel, would certainly be invincible, and adorn their native land with military glory. But should the Doctor’s lozenges inspire children of both sexes with *martial* ardour, we might dread the revival of amazonian valour, and all the concomitant horrors of *intestine commotion*.

Another empiric who flourished in this capital a few years since, was much superior to Mr. Perkins in the cure of *topical diseases*. This philosopher, the sapient Mr. Buzaglo, for “ *a trifling expence,* ” cured the gout, rheumatism, &c. “ *though of ever so long standing, in the space of an hour, and restored within a few days, wasted calves to their former state of fulness of flesh.* ” He also informed the public that “ *patients might agree for a perfect cure, or by the month, by the year, or for life.* ” How accommodating was this beneficent physician ! Were Mr. Perkins to make similar proposals, what opulent patient would scruple to give him five guineas for a pair of skewers ! It is much to be regretted that Buzaglo was not more liberally rewarded, as, in consequence of neglect, his inestimable secret is lost to the community. Might not a similar misfortune happen to
poor

poor Mr. P. if the public should withdraw its patronage ?

We shall conclude this article with an account of a few experiments made with the most popular quack medicines ; observations on the general, *moral*, and *physical* effects of a belief in the efficacy of nostrums ; and a few hints submitted to the consideration of Valetudinarians.

The following account of the effects of Quack medicines administered by a respectable farmer, will illustrate their general utility.

Mr. Thomas Wilkinson, a rich farmer of Avondale, near Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickshire, is one of those queer fellows who examine every novel improvement before they give it their sanction. With the greatest good nature imaginable, this singular *true born Englishman* is rather incredulous respecting the efficacy of nostrums ; the excellent moral effects of the new philosophy ; the equality of the sexes ; and similar paradoxes which engage the attention of the learned and ingenious in this enlightened age.

Possessing a sound constitution, in consequence of a life of temperance, Mr. W. is particularly incredulous with regard to human skill in the prevention and cure of disease. Indeed his aversion to the tribe of Esculapius in general is so great, that he often repeats the sentiment of Dryden, “ God never *made* his work for man to *mend*,” which he considers as an axiom. When slightly indisposed a friend advised him to take medicine, but the farmer with a sarcastic smile replied,

plied, “ throw physic to the dogs I’ll none of it.” He has more respect for chirurgical skill ; for, as he justly observes, “ a man who can bind up a fracture or dress a wound, is of real utility, while a physician who prescribes from his observation, may sometimes aid, but will be more liable to obstruct the operations of nature.

This rural philosopher finding that several of his neighbours were under the influence of credulity, and that some of them had even gone so far as to *purchase patent medicines*, he resolved to undeceive them if possible. For this purpose he collected a quantity of the most celebrated nostrums, and convened the villagers on a bowling-green in front of his mansion, where, after giving them an excellent dinner in the style of true English hospitality, he produced his medicines, and ordered his servants to bring forward the patients on whom the experiments were to be tried.

An unfortunate *ass* was first produced to the no small amusement of the villagers, but farmer Wilkinson requested them to be attentive, “ You do not know, said he, how much your own health depends on the success of my experiments this day.” Saying this, he approached with great gravity, and administered a whole bottle of Dr. Brodum’s *Nervous Cordial* to the poor quadruped, which, on swallowing the dose, brayed most horribly. The victim of quackery then *fell down in a fit*, from which he was roused by throwing a pailful of water in his face ; but had it not been for an emollient drench administered by a
skilful

skilful farrier, the animal would certainly have expired under the operation of the nostrum.

The villagers were amazed, and looked with horror on the ass as he was led away to his stall. An old woman, however, who was as remarkable for her *eloquence* as her *obstinacy*, very judiciously observed, that “the farmer had not given the medicine a fair trial, for that only a few *tea-spoonfuls* should have been administered at once.” The young people laughed at the idea of an ass being drenched with a tea-spoon; but Mr. Wilkinson declared, that he thought *Dame Crabtree* might be in the right; “you shall have a whole bottle of the Nervous Cordial,” said he, if you will consent to take a dose of it every evening, and I have no doubt that in a short time you will be cured of your propensity to scandal and scolding.”—“No, thank ye,” replied she, “you are very kind indeed; so you want to poison me as well as the poor ass, do you?”

A bottle of Doctor Solomon’s Anti-Impetigines was then uncorked, and a *hog* brought forward as the patient on whom its benign effects were to be tried. The animal yelled most hideously while the medicine was poured down its throat, and afterwards ran about as if mad, endeavouring to bite every thing within its reach. The women shrieked and took to their heels, but the men compelled the *swinish patient* to retire to the middle of the circle, which they formed round it, and in a few minutes it lay down and continued to *grunt most piteously* till it fell fast asleep.—

“There’s

“ There’s the blessed effects of nostrums for you my friends,” cried Wilkinson, with an air of triumph, “ I thought I should be able to develope imposture.”

While the people were employed in making philosophical reflections on the *medicated hog*, a cat was produced, and in spite of all her mewling and scratching, she was compelled to swallow one of Dr. Senate’s *Lozenges of Steel*. To describe the convolutions and contortions of *poor puss*, would be impossible; no squirrel or monkey on a chain ever exhibited such a variety of postures, while her mewings expressed the pain which her bowels endured. A *salutary evacuation* afforded her relief, but the women whispered among themselves, that *no consideration* should induce them to suffer such agonies.

The last experiment was made with *Perkins’s Metallic Tractors*, a sett of which had been purchased by Mr. W. in order to convince his neighbours of their *inefficacy*. He had received these wonderful instruments a few days before, and desired the village blacksmith to make him half a dozen iron skewers of the same size. An old kitchen poker was by the force of fire, and the skill of the artist, transformed into a number of skewers, which, though not so well polished as the *Metallic Tractors*, were equally valuable in the estimation of the farmer. He first enquired whether any person present was afflicted with aches or pains. Dame Thomson came forward and declared that she felt a slight rheumatic pain in one of her arms. “ O we’ll soon remove that,” cried the farmer ;

farmer ; “ here are a pair of the famous Metallic Tractors that you have so often heard of, they cure *all pains*.” Saying this he applied the home-made skewers, and the woman, with apparent pleasure, exclaimed, “ I protest, dear Sir, you have cured me already, my arm is quite well again !”

Wilkinson suppressed a laugh, and ordered his *house-dog* to be brought forward. Poor pompey came, and the farmer desired one of his servants to sear the animal’s foot slightly, that he might prove the efficacy of the Tractors in curing a burn. He then applied the *genuine American metal* to the burnt part, in presence of all his neighbours, but notwithstanding the various geometrical figures which he drew upon the spot, pompey continued to yelp and wail, and when let loose limped away to his kennel.

The farmer then addressed the people ;—“ You have this day,” said he, “ discovered the inefficacy of patent and quack medicines, let me never again hear any of you extol such ridiculous palliatives, which seem to mock pain and disease instead of giving relief. As for the miracle performed on the arm of Dame Thomson, it was effected by part of my old kitchen poker, which *Ben Perkins*, our blacksmith, took to the smithy yesterday and hammered into skewers.” While he spoke, poor Mrs. Thomson, who had *only imagined* she was cured, felt a sudden tingling in her arm, and went home to wrap it up in flannel, while the rest of the villagers retired with a thorough conviction that the cures said to be performed

performed by nostrums were imaginary, and that such preparations were only invented by fraudulent Quacks for the purpose of profiting by the credulity of mankind.

But the prejudice of an illiterate and unbred farmer can have little influence upon the enlightened and philosophic part of the community, who have long been advocates for wonderful discoveries ; miracles performed by *oxygen gas*, and the gradual progress of corporeal and mental *perfectibility*.

It is to be regretted, however, that empirical physicians continue detached, nay even averse to each other, when they might, by a combination of their talents, contribute to the edification of the public.

An Emperor among the ancients offered a reward to whoever could invent a new amusement, and in this age of refinement, we daily see the discoveries of genius liberally patronised by the community. Let our Quack Doctors then *coalesce* and profit by the universal passion for *something new*.

Under the sanction of the Lord Chamberlain a most amusing dramatic entertainment might be performed, under the denomination of *The Grand Pantomimic-farcical-tragi-comical Drama*. Let our most celebrated medical operators, Doctors Brodum, Solomon, Senate, and Gardner, together with that *matchless surgeon* Mr. Perkins, coalesce in *one firm* for the miraculous cure of all diseases incident to man.

Their theatre might be a temporary structure of wood, emblematic of the transitory nature of all

E

earthly

earthly blessings. Before the curtain drew up, a number of swine, cats, parrots, peacocks and owls, might, by the ‘*concord of sweet sounds,*’ harmonize the minds of the audience. The first scene might exhibit a number of old men and women hobbling in on crutches, and *groaning*, to the great delight of the hearers, while Mr. Perkins, like a kind magician, came forward, and by touching the *old women* with his talismanic Tractors, they should appear suddenly restored to health and ease. Meanwhile Dr. Gardner, like Jupiter Tonans, might, by the force of his electric fire, expel the demon of pain from the distorted limbs of the old men. Thus perfectly cured, as if by miracle, the happy assemblage might *dance* in a circle round the two philosophers, and afterwards march off the stage with acclamations of joy.

The next scene might exhibit Dr. Brodum busily employed in preparing his Nervous Cordial and Botanical Syrup, by an intermixture of different oils and simples, from jars, gallipots and bottles, while his great colleague, Dr. Solomon, appeared on the opposite side of the stage, ardently engaged in bottling his Cordial Balm of Gilead, and Anti-Impetigines. In a short dialogue the Doctors might exhort each other to persevere in deceiving the credulous, by selling a few intermingled simples as efficacious specifics.

On the arrival of several patients being announced the scene should change to a spacious apartment the ornaments of which should be——

“ An alligator stuff’d, and other skins
Of ill-shap’d fishes ; and about the shelves,

A

A beggarly account of empty boxes ;
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses."

Here a multitude of young and old, of both sexes, might appear *in masquerade*, exhibiting the most cadaverous and emaciated visages imaginable. On the entrance of the two Doctors, as they are both remarkable for *the modesty of their proposals and the elegance of their manners*, they might, in a low voice, enquire into the nature of each particular case. Indeed this would afford an excellent opportunity for pantomimic gesticulation, as the patients might give an affecting idea of their tortures, by the distortions of their limbs, accompanied with shrieks and groans.

After this ceremony, on a bell being rung, two servants might enter with the celebrated *nostrums*. While Dr. Brodum administered his restorative *Cordial*, or *Syrup* ; Dr. Solomon might also *pour out the vial* of his *Anti-Impetigines*, or his *Ba'm*, as each particular case should require. An instantaneous cure, as if by miracle, should succeed this operation, which might be very naturally represented by the masks falling off, while the real faces presented the bloom of health, and the freshness and lustre of youthful vigour, to the admiring eyes of the astonished spectators.

The happy train thus miraculously healed, might express their gratitude to their benefactors in a song. In order to render the *stage-effect* more *impressive*, the *other three* beneficent sages might enter and join their venerable brethren, while the whole posse of inferior

venders of specifics and panaceas should appear, forming a magnificent procession. When the whole assemblage of *miracle mongers* were collected in the middle of the stage, JUSTICE might be represented as descending from heaven, and by one touch of her fiery sword the ground should open beneath the feet of the beneficent advertising physicians and their satellites, while they sunk to *Erebus profundus*, and a vast volume of sulphurous flame issued from the Tartarean abyss, similar to the catastrophe of *Abomelique* in *Blue Beard*, or *Female Curiosity*.

We talk of the morality of tragedy, but this *pantomime* would be more instructive than any other species of public amusement. What could be more interesting than first to behold so many wretches relieved from the torture of disease and restored to health and beauty ! The man of pleasure might retire from the scene with a determination to indulge in his habitual voluptuousness, while such effectual restoratives could be purchased to renovate his animal spirits ; and the public in general might evince a generous contempt for temperance and virtue, while health, happiness, and immortality could be conferred by the skilful hand of *the empiric*.

So great has been the difference of opinion respecting Quack Doctors, that while some persons have extolled them as demi-gods, others have depreciated them as miscreants ; but from the foregoing sketch, is it not evident that such philosophers are an honour to human nature ? Cynical beings may stigmatize
our

our advertising physicians with the approbrious appellation of impostors, but the good-natured part of the community prove, by the avidity with which they purchase nostrums, that such aspersions are misapplied.

Seldom, indeed, have such extraordinary instances of philanthropy appeared as the present age can boast. We may talk of Howard visiting Lazarettos, and descending to dungeons, like an angel of consolation, endeavouring to mitigate human misery ; we may extol the sublime charity of the excellent man whose purse was ever open to relieve the necessitous ; nay, we may aver that Dr. Mead voluntarily went to Madrid, and ventured his life to assist in curing the plague in that city. These were divine men, it is but true, if we compare the enterprize and philanthropy of Dr. B. or Mr. P. with them, is not the superiority of our contemporaries manifest ?

Did not Dr. Brodum resign an *occupation* in which he might have lived at his ease ; and did he not endure the fatigue of travelling on foot with a box filled with *cordials* and *syrups* for the relief of the sick ? Did not the magnanimous Mr. Perkins, in open defiance of the winds and waves, traverse the vast Atlantic Ocean, to work miracles in this favoured isle ? and, for aught we know to the contrary, did not Dr. Solomon, like a witch on a broomstick, take his flight on the back of Mahomet's dove to Mecca, thence to Mount Gilead, and home again to Liverpool, loaded, like the bee, with his precious *Balm*,

and still more costly Anti-Impetigines ? Admirable men ! who to all these toils have superadded the anxiety inseparably connected with the *love of money*, which is the *root of a greater evil* than the scrofula itself, that incurable disease—*remorseless avarice* ! Doctor Solomon, indeed, has not obtained equal celebrity with the two benign foreigners, but he may justly be classed with the celebrated physicians, Rock and Graham. The admirable Doctor Senate is, from the powers of his *prolific genius*, entitled to rank with *Doctor Faustus himself* !

But while numbers are ready to acknowledge the utility of Quackery, which in many instances may be said to cut off the useless members of society, as a skilful botanist lops his trees, there are others who proudly claim the privilege of thinking for themselves ; and, from a seeming love of contradiction, condemn the whole host of empirics. One of these censors, who has written on the subject of specifics, says, “ that an universal remedy, or one that possesses healing powers for the cure of all diseases, is in fact a non-entity, the existence of which is physically impossible, as the mere idea of it involves a direct contradiction. How, for instance, can it be conceived that the same remedy should be capable of restoring the tone of the fibres when they are relaxed, and also have the power of relaxing them when they are too rigid.

“ Indeed the belief in an universal remedy appears to lose ground every day, though the lower and less enlightened

lightened classes of the community are still imposed upon by a set of privileged impostors, who frequently puzzle the intelligent reader to decide, whether the boldness or the industry with which they endeavour to establish the reputation of their respective poisons, be the most prominent feature in their character.” *

Sometimes an apparent cure by a quack medicine is productive of a more painful disease. Thus, an ulcer healed may be only the closing of the orifice, while the morbid matter, by taking another course, may form an incurable imposthume. A celebrated *quack-salver* in this metropolis, recently sent a patient to the “ undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns,” by healing an ulcer in his leg. In a few weeks the empiric was met by the widow, who returned him her thanks for the favour, by saying, “ God bless you Sir, you cured my husband, but he died in three weeks afterwards.” Such is the safety and benefit of tampering with medicine.

Empirics are permitted by the laws to practise with impunity. Our ancestors, indeed, who prevented, or rather repelled disease by a life of temperance, never conceived that any human being could be so depraved as to defraud another of his money and his life, under the pretext of alleviating pain and

* In a single list of patent medicines there are nearly *three hundred* enumerated for the cure of different diseases! and the vender says, that to prevent the dangerous consequences that frequently result from counterfeit medicines was the *motive* that first induced him to open his warehouse—beneficent man!

restoring

restoring health. A still more powerful protection to impostors is derived from the tax paid by them to the State for advertisements and patents. But even in France, Messmer's fraudulent pretences were discovered and punished; why then should similar impositions be pursued in this capital with impunity? Is the paltry sum obtained by a duty on patent medicines to be put in the balance in opposition to the health of a *single individual*? No. Were some public-spirited member of the legislature to bring in a bill for the suppression of this iniquitous *branch of trade*, he would be the preserver of many wretched beings, who, in the moment of pain are glad to seek relief from nostrums, "as drowning men catch at straws." Alas! what numbers of infatuated mortals swallow the deleterious preparations of the Quack, and sink under the combined pressure of disease and medicine; who, had they been left to the simple efforts of nature, would have recovered, and lived healthy and happy for many years! What an afflicting thought! and who, that has a heart to feel, would not endeavour to prevent the farther progress of *empirical homicide*.

Dissolute young men are induced to continue in the practice of their pernicious habits of wantonness and excess, from the mistaken idea that a nostrum will operate as an effectual restorative. Young girls are also permitted to indulge in the use of confections, which, from their heating nature, and the superabundance of nutriment they supply, generate disease.

Health

Health and beauty are at once injured, and licentious desires kindled, so that both in a *moral* and *physical* sense, children should be prevented from an indulgence in luxuries. The blessings of temperance, a healthy body and serene mind, will give a richer zest to the bounties of Divine Providence; and the predominance of intellectual, over sensual pleasure, will exalt the happy individual in the rank of rational and thinking beings! One truth must excite some degree of alarm in the heart of the epicure. It is well known that substances in themselves salutary may, when intermingled with others, become rank poison. Hence the fatal effects of eating a variety of viands, or mingling liquids of a heterogeneous nature, has doubtless precipitated myriads to an untimely tomb! This is commonly called *dying of a surfeit*. O man! if you would enjoy health and long life, restrain your appetites, remove the savoury but destructive viands, and fling the Circean cup of intoxication from your trembling hand!

Domestic quackery is another source of calamity to mankind. Lady Bountiful in the country, and Lady Languish in town, pique themselves upon their skill and humanity, insomuch, that on the slightest indisposition, some cordial or cataplasm is prescribed. Hence the constitution of whoever is so unfortunate as to be reared under their auspices, becomes like a green-house plant, and shrinks beneath every change of the atmosphere. Were nature left to herself, most slight diseases, such as rheumatic pains,
tooth-ache,

tooth-ache, and colds, would be gradually cured by the exertions of the constitution, leaving the convalescent vigorous and alert, instead of the langour produced by laudanum and a diversity of medicines, which only clog the wheels of the animal machine.

Young persons who wish to obtain medical information, combined with amusement, will be amply gratified by a perusal of Armstrong's *Art of Preserving Health*; a poem, in which the best physical instruction is conveyed, through the enchanting medium of pleasing and perspicuous language.

On the subject of cleanliness the poet says :—

“ Ablution just enough to clear
 The sluices of the skin, enough to keep
 The body sacred from indecent soil.
 Still to be pure, e'en did it not conduce
 (As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
 Your daily pains : 'tis this adorns the rich ;
 The want of this is poverty's worst foe ;
 With this external virtue age maintains
 A decent grace ; without it youth and charms
 Are loathsome : this the venal graces know,
 So doubtless do your wives.”

His advice with regard to food well deserves the attention of the reader :—

—————“ Avoid the cates
 That lull the sicken'd appetite too long,
 Or heave with feverish flushings all the face,
 Burn in the palms or parch the rough'ning tongue,
 Sated with nature's boons what thousands seek,
 With dishes tortur'd from their native taste

And

And mad variety, to spur beyond
 Its wiser will the jaded appetite !
 Is this for pleasure ? learn a juster taste,
 And know that temp'rance is true luxury.
 Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
 The full repast, and let sagacious age
 Grow wiser.

—————Beyond the sense
 Of light refection at the genial board
 Indulge not often, nor protract the feast
 To dull satiety, till soft and slow
 A drowsy death creeps on th' expansive soul,
 Oppress'd and smother'd the celestial fire.
 What dextrous thousands just within the goal
 Of wild debauch direct their nightly course !
 But ah, what woes remain ! life rolls apace,
 And that incurable disease old age,
 In youthful bodies more severely felt,
 More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime,
 And sows the temples with untimely snow."

Armstrong, as well as several other medical writers recommends water as the most excellent diluent. But he did not consider what a degree of self-denial was requisite to render a man content with such *insipid beverage* in a city where liquors of the most grateful flavour, the most delightful colour, and cheering nature, are perpetually soliciting his taste. Indeed, it may be said, that a species of *luxurious hydrophobia* is epidemical, not only in London, but throughout England. We shall quote the advice of the poet, though it is very questionable, indeed, whether the lyre of Apollo

Apollo himself could prevail upon the people to prefer water to ale.

“ Learn temp’rance, friends! and hear without disdain
The choice of water.
Nothing like simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow :
But where the stomach indolent and cold
Toys with its duty animate with wine.

Hoffman says, “ If there be any universal medicine in nature it is *water*; for by its assistance all distempers are alleviated or cured, and the body preserved sound and free from corruption, that enemy to life.”

Addison, who may be considered as a physician of the mind, and whose moral precepts also embraced the sanity of the body, expatiates on the necessity of temperance and exercise with his peculiar perspicuity and strength. His elegant dissertations being more delightful and instructive than any medical treatise, we shall extract a few passages for the information of the youthful reader.

“ EXERCISE is the most effectual physic. The general idea of a human body, without considering it in the niceties of anatomy, let us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preservation of it. Labour or exercise ferments the humours, casts them into their proper channel, throws off redundancies, and helps Nature in those secret distributions, without which the body cannot exist in its vigour, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

“ I might

“ I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits which are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen, which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers ; as well as the vapours, to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

I shall in this place mention another great preservation of health, which in many cases produces the same effect as exercise, and may in some measure supply its place, where opportunities of exercise are wanting. The *preservative* I am speaking of is TEMPERANCE, which has those particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practised by all ranks and conditions, at any season or in any place. It is a kind of *regimen* into which every man may put himself without interruption of business, expence of money, or loss of time. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them ; if exercise clear the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them ; if exercise raise proper ferments in the humours, and promote the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour ; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

“ Physic for the most part is nothing else but a
F
substitute

substitute for exercise or temperance. Medicines are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distempers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these two great instruments of health ; but did men live in an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there would be but little occasion for them.

“ It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, because what is luxury in one may be temperance in another ; but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own constitution, so far as to know what kinds and what proportion of food do best agree with them. Were I to consider my readers as my patients, and to prescribe such a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all persons, and such as is particularly suited to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent physician. Make your whole repast out of *one dish*. If you indulge in a *second*, avoid drinking any thing strong until you have finished your meal ; at the same time abstain from all sauces, or at least from such as are not the most plain and simple. Were I to prescribe a rule for drinking, it would be formed upon a saying quoted by Sir William Temple ; the first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for my enemies. But because it is impossible for one who lives in the world to diet himself always in so philosophic a manner, I think every man should have his days of abstinence, according as his constitution will permit. These are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify it for
struggling

struggling with hunger and thirst, whenever any distemper or duty of life may put it upon such difficulties ; and at the same time give it an opportunity of extricating itself from its oppressions, and recovering the several tones and springs of its distorted vessels. Besides, that *abstinence well timed often kills a sickness in the embryo, and destroys the first seeds of an indisposition*. It is observed by two or three ancient authors, that Socrates, notwithstanding he lived in Athens during the great plague which has made so great a noise throughout all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by such eminent hands: I say, notwithstanding that he lived in the time of this devouring pestilence, he never caught the least infection, which those writers unanimously ascribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always observed."

" 'Tis to thy rules, O Temperance! that we owe,
 All pleasures which from health and strength can flow:
 Vigour of body, purity of mind,
 Unclouded reason, sentiment refin'd."

Valetudinarians often voluntarily suffer more pain than was ever inflicted by the Inquisition. By swallowing every medicine which ignorant friends or artful Quacks recommend, these wretched dupes, instead of disarming disease, only render it more powerful. " Three-fourths of the diseases of the people of London are *ideal* ; and many persons contribute to the support of the physician, and pay him liberally for regular attendance, while they labour not under bodily indisposition but the imaginary ailments of a

mind diseased. Many an athletic hypochondriac, whose sanity would be restored in a few days by exercise, now imagines himself at the point of death, though he will probably outlive his physician. The revelling and excess of those unhappy beings has produced in them such a relaxation of nerve and imbecility of mind, that they tremble at the momentary gloom occasioned by every passing cloud; the sight of a hearse fills them with horror; and the mournful knell thrills through every fibre.

“ Were we to investigate the origin of those diseases that *really* exist in this capital, they would be found to proceed from *gluttony, indolence, and sensuality*; consequently not only the *preventive* of such diseases, but even the *cure* may be found in adherence to temperance, exercise, and moderation in the pursuit of amusements.”*

The beneficent CREATOR has so wisely constituted both the human body and mind, that they possess an inherent power to resist and often overcome disease. This power is by physicians called the *Autocrateia*, or *vis medicatrix naturæ*. Hippocrates says, “ Nature is sufficient to the well-being of every animal, and kindly performs every thing that is necessary to their well-being without any other aid.” Had he lived in this luxurious age, however, he would have acknowledged the necessity of moral precepts to restrain the passions, and medical assistance to remove

* *Satirical View of London*, p. 132.

the maladies brought on by indolence and dissipation.

In order to preserve health, Hippocrates advises us not to eat to excess, and on no account to neglect exercise. Not to accustom ourselves to too exact a regimen, lest any sudden deviation should be fatal. He recommends pure water as the most wholesome drink, and sometimes an equal quantity of wine and water intermingled, as the wine will expel whatever is injurious to the intestines, and the water will temper the acrimony of the humours. It is remarkable that St. Paul gives Timothy nearly the same advice—"Use no longer water but a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities."

To attempt to give rules respecting health in a work, the object of which is to expose the empiric, would savour of the very thing we wish to censure. But a few friendly hints to persons labouring under lingering disease may not be improper. Valetudinarians must be convinced that the passions have a most powerful effect on the health of the body, and that the pains of the body excite sympathy in the mind. Hope, that prime chearer of the soul, accompanied by strict temperance, will re-establish the health of the infirm sooner than all the simples of nature, or the chemical preparations invented by man. Look around then you who now drag on a lingering existence—behold numbers who were lately in full health, suddenly carried off by fevers arising from *Intemperance*, that *Hydra* which devours human happiness.

No longer torment yourselves, nor make your stomach, like Noah's Ark, a receptacle for every clean and unclean thing that you imagine may renovate the constitution. If you cannot be restored by moderate exercise and a mild regimen, calmly submit to that dissolution which awaits every human being. Instead of relying wholly on the skill of feeble man, bow with resignation to the will of the DIVINE PHYSICIAN who can "*kill and make alive !*"

Dear and amiable young people of both sexes, who yet enjoy health, if any of you are led away by the *ignus fatuus* of pleasure, pause in your career, and reflect that a body beautified by temperance and invigorated by exercise, with a mind harmonized by the social affections, constitute your perfection as rational beings. Whatever evil habits the example or inticement of others, or the suggestions of your own imagination may have tempted you to adopt, must be discontinued if you hope for happiness here or hereafter ! Ah ! lay your hand upon your palpitating bosom, and ask yourselves will these vain or vicious pursuits confer felicity ? Then CONSCIENCE, like a tutelary angel, will answer—No ! Return, return to the true path, which is illumined by the light of Reason, and leads to the Temple of Happiness.

All rational enjoyments are sanctioned by virtue. The generous sympathy of friendship ; the extatic thrill of love ; the chearful song of decent conviviality, and the delightful sensations occasioned by the voice of the muse. Every elegant accomplishment, which

is

is allied to decorum, must be conducive to the superior refinement of the intelligent mind. But human nature is too apt to pass the limits of propriety. Incited by curiosity or emulation, the ardent and aspiring mind of youth is desirous to attain the proud pinnacle of excellence. Were this generous ambition directed to the attainment of useful knowledge, and the unremitted practice of beneficence, it would render the happy candidate the living image of the DEITY ! Art thou, O youthful Reader, actuated by such motives as these ? Art thou emulous to excel others in the love of justice, generosity, truth, and chastity. These are the imperishable columns on which alone the fair arch of thy renown can be established for ever !

The fallacy of empiricism has already been sufficiently animadverted on. Indeed one single reflection may serve to subvert the whole fabric of medical imposture. Had any of the proposed *panaceas* invented by man ever been endued with *universal healing virtues*, all other medicines would have been totally unnecessary ; and as light is supplied by the sun, the grand restorative would have supplied all mankind with health and longevity ; hence there would have been no necessity to collect drugs or acquire medical knowledge.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM.

Dialogue between a QUACK DOCTOR and a SATIRIST.

SATIRIST.

Thou destroyer of man, thou vicegerent of death;
 In thy look there is jaundice, and pest in thy breath;
 Depart from this Island, and leave us some hope
 Of living our time, if you'd 'scape from the rope.

QUACK DOCTOR.

Pray cease your invective, my character spare,
 And in all future profits with me you shall share;
 Don't you know, Sir, the mass of mankind are all fools,
 Who rely upon nostrums and medical rules;
 To restore wasted vigour and renovate health,
 So whoever will promise such blessings grasps wealth.

SATIRIST.

Whene'er I at fraudulent cunning connive,
 May my small spark of life not that moment survive! *
 I know that the credulous oft are deceiv'd,
 And impostors like you are too often believ'd;

* It is not improbable that the Quacks satirized in this book may bring an action against the author in order to excite public attention. He therefore begs leave to assure the reader, that he shall be proud to appear in a Court of Justice in opposition to Quacks and their auxiliary pettifoggers, who are equally the objects of his indignation; and that should such miscreants presume to enter the sacred temple of the law, he shall denounce them at the tribunal of his country as the destroyers of public health and happiness.

While

While you violate truth, and that just law defy,
Which declares that *a murderer surely shall die.*

QUACK DOCTOR.

Stop, Sir, you're in error, I am a physician,
See here's my *diploma* and in good condition ;
It came by the coach from the North 'pon my honour,
And grateful am I to the generous donor ;
If that won't suffice, Sir, see here is my *patent*
'To cure all diseases *apparent* or *latent* :
I find you suspected I was but a *poacher*,
On *other physicians* a frontless encroacher ;
But my qualification's without the least flaw,
And I kill my game fairly according to law.

TO THE READER.

Since this Work was put to Press, the Author thought that in consequence of the respect due to a People long distinguished for their learning and piety, he ought to make some enquiries respecting the mode of granting degrees adopted in the Scotch Universities. Accordingly he requested his Bookseller to write to his friend Professor Bentley, of King's College, Aberdeen, for information on the subject. The following answer being returned, he begs leave to present it to the Public as an exculpation, at least of one College of Aberdeen from the charge of conferring academic honours on impostors.

King's College, Aberdeen, 4th Nov. 1801.

SIR,

I think your concern for the character of your country is truly laudable, and I am happy in being able to assure you, that that of the *University and King's College, Aberdeen*, can be satisfactorily vindicated. Neither Solomon nor Brodum ever did or could obtain any academical honour from it. If the other College, which is totally unconnected with ours, and is about a mile off in New Aberdeen,

Aberdeen, be any wise implicated, they will, I doubt not, vindicate themselves. And that they may, I have, in justice, communicated to their Professor of Medicine, Dr. Livingston, the subject of your favour this morning, and suppose you will hear from him, though he may not have time by this post.

When Candidates for Medical Degrees cannot be present, we are particularly strict in requiring ample certificates of their moral character, and of their literary and professional abilities, signed by two Gentlemen of the Faculty, who are themselves M. D's; and we have generally the signatures of the first Physicians in London. *It is likewise a regulation that the candidate shall declare he is not, nor ever shall be concerned in making or vending quack medicines.* The trifling expence to those who are judged qualified for Degrees, is by no means as a price, but merely the fees of office, and makes no part of the emoluments of any member of the College, excepting one, who has a part of it. As well might the sums paid to clerks and others in the public offices, by those who obtain royal presentations to places, be deemed the price of such places, as these dues.

The University has to regret that, in one or two instances, their predecessors have been imposed upon; but this has had the effect of making them more cautious: and the Medical Chair is at present filled by a Gentleman, Sir
Alexander

Alexander Bannerman, whose sense of honour and regard for his profession, are alone sufficient to guard us against any misapplication of our powers in this way.

Your's most faithfully,

JAMES BENTLEY.

Mr. OGLE, Bookseller, Great-Turnstile, }
Holborn, London.

The Author shall feel a still higher degree of gratification when the Members of the other College shall think proper to vindicate themselves, and he shall chearfully publish such vindication in a future Edition of this Work, accompanied with an apology to the ingenious and amiable Dr. Beattie and his Colleagues.

PHILOSOPHICAL

PHILOSOPHICAL QUACKERY.

See sculking *Truth* to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head !
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
 Shrinks to her second cause and is no more.
Physic of *Metaphysic* begs defence,
 And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense* !
 See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly !
 In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares *Morality* expires.
 No *public* flame nor *private*, dares to shine ;
 No *human* spark is left, no glimpse *divine* !
 Lo, thy dread empire CHAOS ! is restor'd ;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word ;
 Thy hand, great *Anarch* ! lets the curtain fall,
 And universal darkness buries all.

POPE.

IF we compare Athens, even in the zenith of her glory, to modern London, the superiority of the latter will be manifest. The Grecian city was indeed frequented by the lovers of science, who came from different

* As the term *quackery* has in general been confined to *medical imposture*, the author thinks it necessary to apologize for the liberty he has taken in applying it to some other kinds of deception. Should

H

the

ferent climes to drink wisdom at the fountain-head in her academic groves ; but we may imbibe knowledge and porter in every tap-room in this capital, where numbers of benevolent sages are assiduously employed in their patriotic endeavours to convince us that religion is a farce ; that we should divest ourselves of those superstitious prejudices which regulate the morals of our ancestors, and, with a generous zeal for knowledge, endeavour to subvert the chimerical fabric of priestcraft and hypocrisy.

This laudable desire to contribute to the edification of the ignorant has become so general, that many *disinterested* tradesmen would spend the whole afternoon over their cups, rather than pursue their business, in order to convert one individual to the *new philosophy*. The same beneficent disposition appears to actuate clerks and shopmen, who conscientiously neglect their master's business, in order to convince some superstitious simpleton that no man of spirit or knowledge would be a Christian ! Were these generous zealots as assiduous in promoting the welfare of

the Reviewers object to this innovation, he will cheerfully substitute some other significant term in a future edition ; as the opinion of those Critics, in matters of taste and propriety of language, shall never be disputed by him, from a thorough conviction of their superior judgment. Our best modern satirist, however, has not scrupled to use the word in a greater latitude than is commonly allowed.

“ Church *Quacks* with passions under no command.”

COWPER.

their

their employer, nay, were they as eager to convert men to truth as they are to mislead them into the paths of sophistical delusion, they might then be considered as philosophers indeed !

This juvenile effervescence of the animal spirits, which stimulates self-conceited youth, may subside, and the errors of the head be extenuated by the amiable qualities of the heart, provided the contagion of modern philosophy has not driven the phrenetic dupe into the vortex of sensuality ; but the cold-hearted metaphysician, or insidious framer of ethical theories, who with premeditation reject the sublime and practicable precepts of Christianity, may be said to labour under an incurable mental disease.

Some of our moral philosophers, however, are justly entitled to the approbation of mankind. Paley and Cogan have elucidated the duties which we owe as members of the community, and their pages are a luminous mirror, in which the youthful mind may contemplate Truth adorned with the white to be of Morality.

It has been often asserted by the enemies of Christianity,* that it has been the source of contention and war

* In a late publication of Madame de Genlis, entitled, " Little la Bruyere," the author makes the following observations on Free-thinkers, '*des esprits forts*.' " The epithet of *strong mind* is a title which impious men gave to themselves, because they pretended that it required great strength of mind to shake off the yoke of religion. The absurdity of this assertion is evident, and even the most impious men cannot deny, that it is much more prudent

war among mankind. The truth is, designing men, under the pretext of religion, obtained an ascendancy over the minds of others, and practised the greatest cruelties and oppressions, which they endeavoured to sanction by their pretended zeal for the truth. But if we except a few instances of bigotry and persecution, we shall find, on consulting history, that mankind

to follow religion than to reject it. They even acknowledge that it is consolatory, and that its morality is admirable, so that they add crime to imprudence ; for it is a crime to deprive mankind of their best consolation, their sublimest hopes, and their veneration for the most perfect system of ethics.

“ True strength of mind consists in the ability of a man to stem the torrent of licentiousness, and to preserve his principles and his morals inviolate amidst a depraved multitude. They who possess real strength of mind at the present time, are persons truly religious. Weak and frivolous minds suffer themselves to be hurried down the stream by example, and by the passions, all of which are encouraged by impiety.

“ Examine impious men closely, and you will find them destitute of the knowledge of religion ; nay, that they have forsaken it without having studied it, and that they form their judgment of it exclusively on the wretched sophisms of its detractors. You will discover that the true cause of their aversion to religion is the severity of its moral, and that they are led away by the convenient pliancy of modern philosophy.

“ Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert, and their abettors, laboured incessantly for sixty years to establish deism ; irreligion, during that time, made inconceivable progress ; are men happier on this account ? are they better ?

“ Oh ! young people, whose minds are unperverted ; whose hearts are yet pure ; two paths lie open before you ; one leads to *error and vice* ; the other to *truth and virtue*.”

never

never became truly humanized till the benign precepts of Christ softened the ferocity of the passions.

The tree is known by its fruit. What benevolent institution has been founded, or what extraordinary act of virtue performed by an Atheist or Deist—what record remains of their public or private virtues? None. On the other hand, the pages of modern history are illuminated with memorials of the heroism, patriotism, and piety of Christians.

ALFRED, *the great and good Alfred*, who founded the University of Oxford, and established the laws of his country on the basis of justice, was a devout Christian. Milton, Newton, Boyle, Addison, and Watts were Christians. Among the Deists many men of genius have appeared. Their High-Priest Voltaire, together with Hume, Gibbon, Volney, and Paine, have used all the deceptious arts of wit and reason to establish their own reputation by subverting the souls of others. Alas! they have been but too successful, and a swarm of *half-witted* philosophists devour the germs of morality that begin to appear in the youthful mind, and sow the baneful seeds of rank sensuality in the susceptible breast of their victim.

Nature is the idol of the modern speculatist, who, after descanting on *necessity*, *reason*, and *virtue*, will retire amid the plaudits of his auditory and dwindle into a mere man, perhaps trembling at the sight of a bailiff, or exercising his rhetorical powers in scolding his wife and servants.

Among other endowments the modern theorist

seems to consider himself gifted with the spirit of prophecy. He is ever predicting the downfall of tyranny and superstition, with which he studiously combines Revelation. He has adopted a most ingenious mode of evading refutation, by insisting that the time when such a change will happen, must, from the present state of society, be delayed for at least half a century. By this expedient he endeavours to obtain a degree of credibility, and at the worst he consoles himself with the reflection, that his opponents will naturally be removed before the period of time mentioned.

Pause, Oh ! pause one moment in your frantic career, ye dupes of modern philosophers ! Your seducers from the path of virtue have, under the semblance of liberality of sentiment, “ fed each baser passion of the heart,” and thus triumphed over your mind by an attack on the most vulnerable part. Reflect, dear but deluded fellow-creatures of both sexes—reflect, that dissipation must accelerate the approach of sickness and death, as the flaring blaze consumes the oil of the lamp. Your vivid animal spirits will soon be exhausted by those criminal excesses, which you misname pleasures. Awake from the dream of sensuality to your true happiness, which can only be obtained by returning to the path of temperance. Your reward will be serenity, similar to that of the mariner, who, shipwrecked on a stormy sea, escapes on a single plank to a land of security and plenty. Every artifice of proud and blasphemous
unbelievers

unbelievers has been exerted to undermine your health and virtue. Miscreant Quack Doctors, and Pseudo-Philosophers have flattered your selfish passions, that they might plunder you of your property—and what is the result? The privation of health, of body, and sanity of mind! Renounce the sophisms of such depraved beings, and return to the practice of those precepts of the only *true philosophy*, which clears the head and meliorates the heart. No longer glory in the wild and fashionable theories of infidelity, but purify yourselves from the morbid contagion of folly, by an ablution in that fountain of dignity, serenity, and happiness—THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

A man who wanders from the straight path of Revelation into the labyrinth of Scepticism, is like the inheritor of a competent patrimony, who wastes it in excess, and afterwards launches friendless and inexperienced into the ocean of life. Whoever embraces Deism instead of the Christian Religion prefers vice to virtue.

Many *proofs* might be adduced of the superiority of Divine revelation over the best human system of ethics; but the man who is already animated with its blissful influence, that true *sunshine of the mind*, requires no other evidence than his own experience. As for the blasphemous and obdurate atheist or deist, alas, he would not be converted though one should arise from the dead! To the giddy and unthinking, however, whose wavering minds have been warped
by

by the boldness of the impious, and who mistook the audacious sneer of sarcastic wit for the honest effusion of an enlightened mind, to them we appeal, and entreat them to relinquish the flimsy and fascinating sophistry of deism, and adopt the practical precepts of Christ, that benign physician and shepherd of souls !

The improvements of Philosophy are not confined to metaphysics and ethics, we can boast of several naturalists, whose acute investigations and ingenious experiments have led to the most important discoveries of the arcana of Nature. Among other sages Doctor Darwin is entitled to particular attention, both for the sublimity of his conceptions and the boldness of his disquisitions. His ' Loves of the Plants ' presents a feast to the bookworm ; and the discovery of the soft passion existing among vegetables, must be highly interesting to the natural philosopher.

Should some ingenious mineralogist discover an inherent principle of affection in the third kingdom of nature, we might consider of human knowledge with respect to this globe, at least, as having arrived at perfection. Might not a naturalist, gifted with poetical talents, clearly demonstrate that the attraction and cohesion of inert matter was merely another modification of that universal love, " whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and main ; " and might he not delight us with an epic poem on a similar plan with the Iliad, describing the rape of some marble Helen, carried off by some fiery limestone Paris ! By the force of a powerful imagination,

station, he might describe the whole mineral kingdom in a state of warfare, while fossils and metals, by their hostile concussions, produced earthquakes and volcanoes.

Indeed the wisdom of our fanciful philosophers was manifested during the late dearth of provisions, when, with a benignity peculiar to themselves, they discovered to the public that fern roots, the succulent branches of trees; nay some species of bituminous argil, was most savoury and nutritive food; and when a sceptical John Bull expressed his doubts respecting the wholesomeness of such aliment, an Anglo-German bookmaker exclaimed,—“What, do you dispute the authority of Dr. Darwin?”

Medical sages, who are emulous to distinguish themselves by a singularity of opinion, sometimes recommend abstinence from particular kinds of food. One advises us to be very moderate in the use of bread, as it is an earthy species of aliment and not easily digested; another prohibits the use of that oleaginous food, called butter, which is often productive of cutaneous diseases. Thus they would literally make us *quarrel with our bread and butter*, though it is well known that such empirics are by no means so abstemious as they pretend.

Other theorists, such as Count Rumford, that “*man of smoke*,” recommend a flannel shirt to be worn next the skin, as a preventive against disease. Do these Quacks wish to introduce the sweating sickness once so fatal to Englishmen; or because their
own

own skin scarf-skin is callous, do they think that ours is equally unfeeling. Experience has taught us that *flannel armour*, instead of repelling the shafts of death, in consequence of absorbing the perspired matter, is but too often like the poisoned shirt of Hercules. From the moisture of the atmosphere, however, both in Great Britain and Ireland, it has been found that a thin flannel waistcoat worn *over the linen*, has repelled the damp vapours from without, while insensible perspiration, that friend to health, moderately promoted by frequent changing the linen.

This may justly be denominated the *Age of Philosophy*, when the arts and the sciences have been brought to wonderful perfection indeed ! One of our astronomers has discovered what nobody but himself can perceive, that *the sun is an opaque body* ! and another, still more extraordinary mortal, has written a pamphlet to prove that it is a *globe of ice* ! In the latter case there is some reason to apprehend that it may “ dissolve and thaw itself into a dew,” which circumstance would be of little importance to us if its opacity were real ; but every eye that can see bears witness against the morbid affection of poor Dr. H*****’s optics, and mankind generally concur in the opinion that the sun is a *luminous* body.

About two years ago a theoretical barber amused the town by turning his attention from the *hair* to the *brains* of mankind, whom he endeavoured to convince of the superior excellence of his astronomical theory. But, like many of his contemporary sages, he was
obliged

obliged to relinquish his patriotic scheme of enlightening the public, who thought him much better qualified to exhibit a *grand display of a lady's wig* than of *the universe*; and that he would probably be more successful in the adjustment of curls, than a refutation of the Newtonian Philosophy; which, like an impregnable fortress, has hitherto withstood the *flying artillery* of vain *French Philosophists*, and their coadjutors in this country.

In consequence of the inestimable discovery of manufacturing *straw* into paper, we have a heap of wealth in every farm-yard. A rick of straw transformed into paper, and impressed with certain characters, may become a treasure of bank-notes fit to be locked up in the *escritore* of the female gambler, or the iron chest of the coffer. This light vehicle of wealth is infinitely more portable than the lumbering guineas which were formerly so inconvenient, and tore the breeches pockets or portmanteau of the traveller. He may now carry the price of an estate in a small pocket-book.

“Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption swifter wings to fly!
Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings;
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore;
A leaf like Sybil's scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow;
Pregnant with thousands flits the scray unseen,
And silent sells a King or buys a Queen.” POPE.

Nor have the fine arts been neglected. Engravers have favoured the public eye with portraits of demi-reps, profligate military coxcombs and swindlers, and blazoned those visages which would become the pillory or the gibbet. The art of portrait painting, too, has attained the pinnacle of elegance and perfection. The *animated paintings daily and nightly* exhibited by our female artists, transcend the productions of the most celebrated ancients; and there are at this moment in London upwards of *one thousand original portraits*, which, for delicacy of outline, brilliancy of *teint*, and strength of expression, are inestimable.

We have already mentioned the miraculous restorative, or *oxygen gas*, which is to effect such wonders on the animal system. Even the common necessities of life are *philosophized*, and among other implements on an improved plan, the public are accommodated with *hunting razors*, by the aid of which a dextrous sportsman may *shave full gallop*, and *be in at the death*, either of the *game* or of *himself*.

Improvements in the *police* of this vast capital have been recommended by Colquhoun, a theorist, whose indefatigable mind has collected a mass of information respecting human delinquency, that is sufficient to terrify the most intrepid reader.

According to Mr. C.'s estimate, London contains one million two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants; but the return of the *true* population, as enumerated on the 10th of March, 1801, when the town was literally *full*, amounted to only seven hundred
thousand

thousand and two persons, being little more than half the number stated by this writer.

This picture of human depravity is erroneous and exaggerated. According to his calculation, there should be one hundred and fifteen thousand delinquents in London, including *fifty thousand prostitutes!* This Capital, “by taste and wealth proclaimed the fairest in all the world,” would be in a most dreadful state of depravity, indeed, were one-sixth of its inhabitants immoral characters—one-third of its women w*****! Forbid it honour, virtue, and social happiness!—A candid investigation of the matter will convince us that the return is erroneous. Mr. C. contemplated our flourishing emporium, our busy people, and particularly our beautiful women, with the misanthropic eye of a Mandeville! The feeling mind shudders to bring in a charge of delinquency against even ten thousand of our fellow-citizens; and were the unfortunate girls of the town estimated at an equal number, still charity hopes that the aggregate would be over-rated.

The general utility of Mr. C.’s treatise will be readily acknowledged by every thinking man; but from his account of the immoral part of society, it should seem that vice was exclusively confined to the lower classes.

Instead of immorality originating among the common people, and rising only to a certain height, like the noxious vapour of the *Grotto del Cane* in Italy, may it not be fairly asserted, that the pestilential
 I contagion

contagion of vice flows from the pavilions of the great, as streams from a fountain? Let any man of observation cast his eyes around, and he will perceive that vice

“Taints downward all the graduated scale
Of order from *the chariot to the plough.*”

If this be true, the inference is, that the effectual cure of the mental diseases of society must commence among the opulent, whose example has so powerful an influence on the conduct of others.

Mr. C. seems cautious of giving offence to persons of distinction. The extreme delicacy with which he touches on their foibles, reminds us of the elegant clergyman, who, after expatiating on the irreligion of a genteel auditory, concluded by telling them, with all imaginable complaisance, “that if they did not reform, they would run the risk of being doomed to a place which he did not think proper to mention in that polite assembly!”

Among a variety of very *profound* observations, this *Philosopher* expatiates on the immorality practised in the ale-houses of this metropolis, and the fraud of persons who receive lottery insurances: but he seems disposed to temporize with those momentous subjects. Would not the total relinquishment of taxation by State Lotteries, be the only effectual means of preventing all the *inferior gradations of gambling?* and the limitation of public-houses of every description to half their present number, *prevent drunkenness, and its concomitant vices?* Aye; but these improvements

provements might be prejudicial to the revenue, Society, however, would derive additional benefit from the sobriety which would promote industry ; that source of social comfort ; while the wisdom of the Legislature could easily devise some other mode of taxation, equally productive, without injury to the public morals.

According to Mr. C.'s plan of a CENTRAL POLICE, the chartered rights of this ancient city would soon become '*a tale of the times of old.*' It is to be hoped that the citizens of London will ever support that dignified independence, for which their ancestors have been distinguished ; that firm, that steady resistance to the encroachments of power, by which they have for centuries sustained their respectability, and lived as a distinct and *well-organized community*, regulated by their own municipal decrees, yet amenable to the laws of their country. May that day never arrive, when the *Temple of British Liberty* shall be degraded into a *Police Office*, and runners and executioners considered as respectable citizens !

At the same time it must be acknowledged, that there have been but too many instances of extreme depravity among our fellow-citizens ; yet, notwithstanding the complaints of Mr. C. respecting the defects in our Police, the most intelligent foreigners readily acknowledge, that for different accommodations, the cleanliness and mildness of its inhabitants, and the elegance of its houses and furniture, London

far excels every other city in the world. As for the corruption of public manners and morals, it may be safely concluded, that the principal source of that turpitude originates with people of different nations, who are allured hither by the hope of gain.

“ London ingulphs them all ! the shark is there,
And the shark’s prey ; the spendthrift and the leech
That sucks him. * * * * *

* * * * *
* * * * *

Oh thou resort and mart of all the earth,
Checquer’d with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes ; in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor ! Thou freckled fair
That pleasest, and yet shockst me ; I can laugh,
And I can weep, can hope, and can despond,
Feel wrath and pity, when I think on thee !
Ten righteous would have sav’d a city once,
And thou hast many righteous.—Well for thee—
That salt preserves thee, more corrupted else,
And therefore more obnoxious, at this hour,
Than Sodom in her day had pow’r to be,
For whom God heard his Abr’am plead in vain.”

COWPER.

This *deeply shaded view* of London was sketched by the greatest poet of the age, who, with all the affection of a patriot, sympathized with the miseries, and mourned the vices and follies of his countrymen. But that melancholy which dipped his pencil in sombre tints, prevented him from perceiving the full

flow

flow of social happiness, and the comfortable enjoyment of the most elegant accommodations, and refined amusements, which present such a perpetual series of gratification to the aspiring, the gay, and the weathy inhabitants of this capital. It was impossible for the poet, with all his sagacity and genius, to form a just estimate of those peculiar enjoyments presented by a populous and flourishing emporium, from which he had retired, to the seclusion of rural shades, in consequence of mental depression. That he was not inattentive, however, to the manners of the town while a resident here, is evident from "The Task," a work which, at the same time that it is an illustrious memorial of its author's piety and policy, is perhaps the most perfect satire written since the time of Pope.

Retirement was the choice of the poet, and he emphatically says, "God made the country, and man made the town;" yet with all deference to his exalted worth, it may be fairly concluded, that the "*Human face divine*," presents a more interesting variety to the feeling mind, than all the rural scenery of nature. Talents which, in the country, would have continued dormant like gold in the mine, develop and attain perfection in a rich capital. Even Cowper acknowledges this, though not without deductions, which might terrify the timid moralist from making the experiment.

* * * Though true worth and virtue in the mild
And genial soil of cultivated life

Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there;
 Yet not in cities oft : in proud and gay
 And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
 As to a common and most noisome sewer
 The dregs and feculence of ev'ry land.

* * * * *

In cities vice is hidden with most care,
 Or seen with least reproach.
 I do confess them *nurs'ries of the arts*,
 In which they flourish most; where, in the beams
 Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
 Of public note, *they reach their perfect size.*"

The following cursory sketch of Modern Manners
 will perhaps illustrate the position, that our po-
 pulous Capital is not in such a state of depravity as
 it has been represented by such writers as contemplate
 the human mind through a gloomy medium.

MAN-

MANNERS.

Catch the manners living as they rise.

POPE.

THE active community which inhabits this extensive and populous Capital, with all its complicated movements, is like a vast machine, kept in a state of regularity by that powerful spring—the *love of gain*. Wealth, which, in a barbarous state, would endanger the possessor, is here the foundation of his security ; and the deference paid to him in consequence of his opulence, renders his situation at once respectable and enviable.

While a moderate desire to obtain a comfortable livelihood or a decent competency actuates the merchant and tradesman, such a motive is highly commendable ; but, like every other human pursuit, the wish to accumulate wealth soon becomes predominant, and selfishness subdues every generous emotion of the heart. When the love of gain thus predominates, it severs the ties of kindred, estranges friends, and the individual gradually contracts his ideas to the narrow sphere of self-love, as the snail shrinks into its solitary shell. In whatever amusement or avocation the commercial man is engaged, he never loses sight of his favourite object ; nay, the love of money pervades every order of the community, from the Prince or Duke,

Duke, who squanders thousands at Newmarket and the gaming table, to the vender of matches. Indeed, so general is the influence of gain, that it mingles with our amusements ; and it is a fact, that during the review of the volunteers in Hyde Park on the King's Birth-Day, a lamplighter attended with his ladder, and accommodated several of the spectators with seats in the trees at sixpence a head.

Affectation is another prominent trait of modern manners. The urbanity and apparent liberality of sentiment which exists in this polished community, and that suavity of manners and gentility of demeanour every where prevalent, is too often affected.

Men profess philanthropy at the very moment that they are endeavouring to over-reach their fellow-creatures. This assumed beneficence, is either the offspring of design, indolence, or imbecility. While such *good-natured* beings execrate the man whose candour compels him to express his zeal for the truth, and his abhorrence of philosophic infidelity, they are quite uninterested about the matter, and can expatiate on the subject of futurity with *the sleepy smile of apathy !*

A desire to appear opulent or in easy circumstances, is another branch of affectation. Poverty being considered as the greatest of evils in this commercial city, numbers, whose subsistence depends upon credit, launch into expences which must terminate in their ruin, rather than attend to economy, which would have rendered them comfortable

able through life. How prespoterous is the vain emulation to equal their more opulent neighbours in dress, furniture, and amusements. This passion for *notoriety* is so great, that even perfumers and milliners assume consequential airs, from the accidental circumstance of their residing in a polite neighbourhood; and many coxcombs, who would readily carry about an umbrella or any thing connected with the idea of gentility, would go without their breakfast rather than be seen carrying a loaf *for their own use* from the baker's shop!

That innate *love of variety* so natural to the human mind; is here carried to excess. Hence monsters and reptiles, the most remarkable and hideous, are collected from the most distant regions of the globe, and exhibited to the curious in this capital. Here the lion may be viewed with safety; the vast and sagacious elephant stands gazing at his wondering visitors; while the horrid crocodile, and deathful rattlesnake appear in all their natural deformity, to gratify the public.

Next to the love of novelty may be mentioned its concomitant—profusion. Indeed luxurious habits are not confined to the opulent, but descend with different shades of distinction, in a regular gradation, from the perfumed toilette and superb route of the Duchess, to the *tidy* washerwoman and her gossiping companions, seated at the tea-table; from the peer over his wine, to the porter-drinking mechanic.

Another

Another distinguishing trait of modern manners, is the *mechanical regularity* which generally pervades society, with the exception of the dissolute and idle, who may be considered as interlopers in a *well-organized* community. Regularity with respect to morals, hours devoted to business and rest, and judicious arrangements, is necessary to the well-being of this busy emporium, though too often productive of a lethargic plodding habit, which almost converts a man into a mere automaton.

One of the most whimsical and amusing peculiarities of this capital, is the quickness with which any recent event is caricatured and exhibited at the windows of print-shops. Even a subject of public importance is often pourtrayed so as to excite risibility. The *Union with Ireland* ; the *resignation of a Minister*, or any curious incident of the world of fashion, is exposed through the magic lanthorn of wit, for the amusement of the public. It must be confessed, however, that the general effect of caricatures is offensive to decency and injurious to morals. We are informed, that “ the turn of the English nation for *humorous political prints*, first shewed itself in the reign of Mary, who was represented as extremely thin, with many Spaniards hanging to her, and sucking her to the bone.”

Another singular and pleasing medium of news, is the ballads sung in the streets, in celebration of some recent fortunate event ; such as a naval victory, or the return of peace : nay, even our grievances are
satyrized

satyrized and described in humorous songs, so as to excite mirth. The condemnation of a criminal, furnishes employment to the hawker ; and a description of an execution, together with the dying speech of the sufferer, will perhaps afford subsistence to his fellow-creature for a week ; so that, strange as it may appear, both public and private misfortunes become merchandize in the hands of the ingenious of this capital.

Money, with the generality of the people, is every thing. It must indeed be mortifying to the opulent to observe, that the servility of their dependents, and even the *apparent esteem* of their friends, arises from the respect paid to riches. The vulgar herd bow before the wealthy with reverence ; but it is the money, and not the individual, which they respect. Observe the behaviour of a man who expects to receive money from another, and his abrupt departure when the object of his visit is accomplished. Nay, even the merchant and the shop-keeper affect the utmost attention to a stranger whom they expect will purchase goods ; but should he decline buying, the coldness of the dealer is a sufficient proof of his disappointment ; all his studied earnestness to please, and *unreal benevolence*, vanish in a moment. On the other hand, the most trivial article demanded by a customer, will occasion an instantaneous interruption of the most social converse of a tradesman ; and doubtless a *philosophic tallow-chandler* would hasten
from

from the contemplation of the starry heavens to vend a farthing rushlight !

By the way, the exorbitant price paid for cloaths, and other necessities, originates in the negligence of men of fashion in the payment of their tradesmen's bills. The taylor, shoemaker, &c. endeavour to make up their loss by an extortionate demand upon the honest part of the community. Thus the dissipation of unprincipled men renders tradesmen unjust, and the public are eventually sufferers.

The love of *censure* prevails among the young, the frivolous, and the vain. Their remarks assault our ears in the public streets, taverns, coffee-houses, and theatres. " Even churches are no sanctuaries now." Indeed vanity is the charactertstic of the majority of young people in London. Effeminacy is a conspicuous foible among our young men ; especially those idle, lisping, and most insignificant beings, vulgarly yclep'd *gentlemen*. A part of the human species, who, because they are born to an inheritance, consider themselves as not accountable to their country for a waste of time or talents. Indeed so mischievous is the disposition of some of our modern men of spirit, that the community would willingly compromise the matter with them, and overlook their *foibles*, on condition that they would not vitiate the morals of others by their pernicious example.

On the slightest appearance of rain, the modern
petite

petite maitre equips himself with boots, a surtout and umbrella, and thus armed *cap-a-pied*, he sallies forth in defiance of the rain ! From that inconsistency, so characteristic of the man of fashion, however, these delicate mortals render their own precautions unavailing, and by nocturnal excesses undermine the foundation of their health and serenity.

Another circumstance which renders the effeminacy of coxcombs still more glaring, is the contrast presented by the dress of the ladies, who flutter along the streets like butterflies in the sun, in light airy raiment, which is almost transparent. Their superiority is still more striking in the roseate bloom which adorns their cheeks, and the vivacity which sparkles in their eyes, while their attendant beaux, though wrapped up in warm clothing, have an emaciated and spiritless look, like wretches on the brink of the tomb.

But though several young Gentlemen affect such valetudinary airs, there is another class of fops, of a different species, of which we shall give a sketch.

The philosophic coxcomb is a new species of automaton unknown to our ancestors, and undescribed by our contemporaries.

Sir William Wiseacre stands at the head of this numerous and respectable class. He proceeds with geometrical exactness in all his transactions. Finery is no mark of his character ; on the contrary, he wears a plain coat, and, as if in ridicule of the com-

mon fop, he decorates his menials in gorgeon liveries.

Sir William walks with a stiff and formal air, partly occasioned by the braces which he very judiciously purchased of Martin Van Butchel, and partly from the pride of wealth and rank.

From the pensiveness of his aspect, it might be imagined that Sir William was a man of feeling—the very reverse is the case ; for as hypocrisy assumes a look of sanctity, so the philosophic coxcomb's apparent melancholy is only a mask to conceal his stupidity.

Sir William is amorous, but he consults his reason, and renders his pleasures subservient to his health. Sometimes, indeed, he manifests contortions of aspect, not in unison with happiness, but his feelings are ever selfish, and his apparent pain is occasioned by the nausea of a debauch, or perhaps by the pressure of a pair of new boots ! Are you in distress ? Sir William hears your complaint with the most Stoical indifference, and he contemplates your happiness with equal apathy.

This philosopher has a great number of imitators ; perhaps not less than *one thousand philosophic coxcombs* annually visit London ; and were Sir William to die, they might all with propriety claim a part of his property, as near relations to the family of the Wiseacres ! These gentlemen violate the moral duties with impunity. They are shameless, irreligious, and so insignificant, that they seem to consider themselves

selves as born for no other purpose but to consume the necessaries of life, and walk about idly with their white hands covered with soft gloves ! Indeed they are such perfect blanks in creation, that were they transported to some other place, the community would never miss them, except in the diminution of follies and vices. Like poisonous plants, they merely vegetate, diffuse their contagious effluvia around, then sink into corruption, and are forgotten for ever !

With respect to society in general, we are neither so effeminate, or degenerate as some cynics assert. Our health, notwithstanding the daily and insidious attempts made by *Quacks* to undermine it, is as good as that of our ancestors, while we certainly excel them in knowledge and refinement. A comparison of the state of learning thirty years ago with that of the present day, will corroborate this assertion ; and indeed knowledge has been generally diffused throughout England by the institution of Sunday Schools, and the circulation of the works of our best authors.

The moral character of the laborious classes in this community is very different from that of the rustic. They retain his vulgarity unaccompanied with his simplicity and integrity. A certain *knavish acuteness* is perceptible in the physiognomy of several carters, draymen, hackney-coachmen, &c. they are possessed of the “ *wisdom of the serpent,*” but we look in vain for the ‘ *innocence of the dove.*’ At the same time it must be acknowledged, that a large

majority of our labouring poor are very worthy creatures, whose industry is essential to the accommodation and social happiness of themselves and others.

Luxurious food, dress, and amusements, occupy almost the whole attention of thousands in this wealthy city. Indeed so much of the time and thoughts of the fashionable and opulent is spent in eating, drinking, and visiting, that we might suppose they thought themselves created for no other end than to riot in excess, and wander through the flowery mazes of pleasure.

The fashionable ; or, as Addison termed it, *the idle world*, is in a great measure distinct from the busy citizens, though frequent intermarriages have produced an amalgamation of the pure ore of nobility with the alloy of the merchant. Still, however, the polite inhabitants of Westminster, and the parish of St. Mary-le-bone, are a distinct class of the community, though their vices and follies are daily making a progress in the city. The bustle of commerce is rather unfavourable to the spread of dissipation ; it is only at the gaming-table, the rout, or the masqued ball, that folly appears in all her glory.

Indeed, the West End of the Town, as it is called, is perfectly quiet till about noon, when the pageantry of equipage, the incessant rattling of carriages, and the ridiculous formality of visiting, renders the streets a constant scene of splendid confusion. This is certainly a most auspicious age for such menial servants as

love

love indulgence ; for the master very good-naturedly drives his gig or curricie, while the servant sits at his ease beside him in a pleasing vacuity of thought.

We can boast of a greater number of *noble coachmen* than any other nation in the world ; and many of our skilful nobility and gentry can rival any of the sons of Phaeton in managing the reins and smacking the whip.

Some of those spirited individuals, indeed, are not complete proficient in the noble art of driving, and are therefore liable to accidents, which, as might be expected, only tend to rouse the fortitude and enterprize of those heroes. A fall upon the pavement may be equally efficacious with an electrical shock in exciting the *energy* of the animal spirits ; and a contusion, provided no bones are broken, may propel the blood with redoubled force into another direction, and be the means of curing palsy or gout ; nay, should the adventurous operator dislocate his neck, it will be *a most effectual cure for the heart-ache*.

Not long since Sir Harry Hairbrain, Bart. drove his sociable four in hand through **** street ; his servant sat at his left hand with his arms folded, enjoying his afternoon's nap, while Lady Hairbrain appeared in the vehicle with a majestic air of superiority. One of the hand-maids of Pomona, commonly called a retailer of fruit, suddenly crossed the street with her wheel-barrow ; the horses took fright at her discordant screams, and set off full

speed over the poor woman, run against a scavenger's cart, and pitched the beautiful Lady Hairbrain headlong into the accumulated filth of several streets ; while Sir Harry fell on the pavement, and broke both a leg and an arm, and his unfortunate servant was awaked out of a most agreeable dream by a fall into the street. It is to be hoped that such a deplorable accident, which had nearly been the death of a whole family, will make gentlemen who delight in the *sublime science of coachmanship*, somewhat more circumspect in the display of talents which may cost them their lives. A few days practice on Wimbledon common would be an excellent preparative, as a fall on the turf would be unattended with any danger, except that of a dislocation, or the rupture of a blood vessel ; while, on the other hand, the loss of the *equilibrium* in the streets of London, might be attended with concomitant dangers ; such as being dashed to pieces on the pavement, or rode over while down by some drunken hackney-coachman, or *desperate equestrian hero* !

With respect to the modish part of the pedestrians of both sexes, they appear as much under the influence of frivolity as ever. Their ablutions at Brighton and Margate during the summer, has prepared them for the resumption of their hyemal pursuits ; such as theatricals, masquerades, gaming, and intrigue.

The Beaux are not altogether so effeminate as they appeared last winter. The *trowsers* are not so complete

plete an imitation of the loose drapery of the petticoat as formerly; nor are their collars stuffed so full as to make them appear *hunch-backed*. They have not, however, divested themselves of that ridiculous severity of look, which they assume in order to appear *men of spirit and consequence*; nor that conceited air, which seems to say, "I'm a very elegant young fellow, an't I?"

But the Ladies, notwithstanding the return of Peace, seem determined to continue hostilities against the other sex, and have actually commenced their winter campaign, in a manner which does honour to their spirit, though it leads us to question their prudence. For instance, they wage war like the ancient Gauls, exposing themselves almost naked to the rigour of a wintry atmosphere. They also paint, probably in imitation of the savage nations, who stain their bodies with different colours, in order to terrify the enemy. This mode of defence has a very different effect among us; for it is observable, that the heroines thus equipped, in consequence of wearing their thin *coat of mail*, or rather *coat of paint*! are assailed with greater ardour by their opponents.

Female habiliments have long been remarkable for the delicacy of the texture; but we do not find that economy is consulted with respect to the price, for the robe, or even the veil of a fashionable lady is more costly than a whole suit of the plain kind. It must be that universal passion to excite admiration, that causes our lovely women to risk their health
and

and reputation, by appearing in the public streets and theatres in a garb similar to that worn by demi-reps or actresses. The childish exposure of their *elbows*, however, is truly ridiculous ; and for the better preservation of the health of those who are the mothers and nurses of the rising generation, it might be expedient for the Legislature to levy a tax upon every woman who appeared in public with naked arms or elbows. Hence those fair ones who preferred admiration to gold, might *exhibit* according to the statute.

Pope Innocent XI. published an edict, “commanding women to cover their shoulders, their necks, and their arms to the wrist.” Such a law in England would certainly be conducive to the health of our lovely women ; but the dear creatures are so generous, that they would rather suffer from the frequent changes of the weather, than selfishly conceal their beauties ! Many of them, it is true, will doubtless experience aches and pains in their old age, as a reward for this liberality, and a just retribution for the frequent heart-achs with which they now torment their admirers.

As to painting, several of our *limned Ladies* have, by the repeated application of beautifiers, so effectually closed the pores of the face and bosom, as to prevent perspiration ; and they have gradually attained a sallow hue similar to figures in composition. Their nudity, at the public theatres, is a demonstration of their almost hopeless state ; while the philosophy

losophic coxcombs who surround them, seem to consider them merely as *elegant paintings*—nay, as a *part of the entertainment!*

Even the affectation of humanity is carried to a most disgusting excess. To behold women of sensibility and elegant manners lavishing their affections on lap-dogs, monkeys, cats, parrots, and singing birds, is odious to the reflecting mind, since it is turning the social passions out of their natural course, and bestowing that kindness on brutes, which the CREATOR gave to be employed in promoting social happiness. Indeed, when we behold a lady clasping a lap-dog to her breast, we are almost ready to imagine that her disposition is brutal, and congenial with that of the *canine* favourite.

The dignity of man is sometimes degraded by that subordination which is necessary in every well-regulated community ; but the most reprehensible species of *menial* servility, is that of a footman being obliged to follow his lady, with her lap-dog or umbrella in his hand : it is a still more objectionable degradation of the manly mind, when an aged footman attends three or four sprightly young ladies, as if he were appointed a spy on their actions : but the most odious servility is that of an honest warm-hearted young fellow, waiting like her shadow upon the capricious ramble of some kept mistress, whose masculine strut, supercilious bow, and pouting lip, indicate the pride of her heart.

But let us return to common life. Modern refinement

finement has spread rapidly throughout this vast community, insomuch that gentility is affected by every class of our fellow-citizens. A most curious variety of dialects distinguish the different classes almost as effectually, as if they were clothed in a peculiar habit, like the East India *casts*. Nevertheless, by occasional visits to the theatres, even the most vulgar have caught a few fashionable phrases, which they intermingle with their own phraseology, thus forming a most curious jargon. The word *woman* is obsolete, and would be considered as a term of reproach even by an oyster-wench ! Every individual of the fair sex is either a *female* or a *lady*. Instead of that broad sonorous word w****, we use the more elegant term prostitute ; indeed the bold old English epithet is too harsh for the delicate auricular nerves of our females or ladies, many of whom would feel as much alarm on hearing it as a valetudinarian would at the mention of death.

Several other words have been disused by the puppyism of modern refinement. There is no such thing as *sweat* now-a-days ; even the coal-porter and the butcher's swab *perspire*, elegant creatures ! Yet the exudation from the pores was called *sweat* by MILTON, a man of the most exalted taste and comprehensive genius ; a man whose works will be read with admiration, when our lisping *automata*, with their *perspiration*, their *ennui*, and their *apropos* shall be forgotten.

Let us turn our attention to the streets thronged
with

with a motley multitude. Some bowling along in superb chariots, with a splendid retinue ; others dashing through thick and thin on horseback ; while the majority bustle along on foot in different directions. How soon would the selfish passions of the human heart render this assemblage a scene of uproar and outrage, were they not restrained by equitable laws ! But whither are they all hurrying ? Every one is in pursuit of “ Happiness, our being’s *end* and *aim*.” Let us enquire whether they are in the straight path to the consummation of their wishes.

First, ye youthful train, to whom life presents such numerous gratifications—pause one moment, lay your hand upon your palpitating bosom, and answer me ! Do you find the fleeting pleasures, the frivolous amusements of the day, capable of conferring true happiness ? Are the feverish joys of the dance, the banquet, or even the soft blandishments of wanton love, conducive to your felicity ? Ah, no ! that blush of shame is an evidence against such indulgences. The frail fair one, now devoted to voluptuousness, often feels the throb of hopeless sorrow in a breast no longer the abode of innocence. Her beauty, like a flower, has faded, and lost the rich perfume of honour which could alone render it estimable. She mistook the pavilion of pleasure for the temple of happiness, and her misery is irremediable.

But though such has been the misfortune of the fair victim of folly, perhaps the manly mind has
been

been able to reach the summit of content. Answer me then with candour, thou youthful favourite of fortune and honour, art thou happy? Why that glare of desperation, that frantic gesture? Nocturnal orgies have impaired thy health! the gambler has plundered thy coffers! thou has seduced the virgin, and afterwards flung her into the arms of infamy! thy mind is stung by remorse, and maddened by despair! Such is the felicity of the voluptuary—such the reward of pleasure to her votaries!

Let me next examine whether the aged are under the influence of wisdom. Methinks I see vanity varnishing the shrivelled brow, and hollow cheek of antiquated beauty, while slander incites her to blast the reputation of others. I see a passion for frivolous amusements agitate her breast, and the idiot smirk of levity dilate lips that tremble with infirmity. What a miserable picture of female depravation—let me hope for a more grateful view of human nature in the old man, who now approaches. What do I behold? Instead of the serene eye illumined with the hope of immortality, I perceive the sordid and suspicious glance of avarice, the keen penetration of cunning, and the reservedness of self-love!

THE TEMPLE.

THE TEMPLE OF MODERN PHILOSOPHY.

A VISION.

RUMINATING the other evening upon the numerous discoveries which the ingenious are daily making in Philosophy, I was led by a train of thought to an anticipation of the future fame of our Sages and Literati. While I continued absorbed in these reflections I fell asleep, and a wonderful Vision presented itself to my imagination.

Methought I found myself travelling on a wide road, accompanied by several persons of both sexes, whose looks betrayed ardour and impatience. As they proceeded, I found by their conversation that they were going to the Temple of Modern Philosophy, to receive from the Goddess the reward of their services. I felt an inclination to turn back, from a consciousness that I had done nothing to merit her favour; but my companions excited my curiosity, by describing the magnificence of the Temple and the benignity of the Goddess, insomuch that I resolved to proceed.

L

We

We soon arrived at the entrance of the Temple, which was grand beyond description. Triumphal arches, adorned with festoons, and dedicated to the honour of VOLTAIRE, BOLINGBROKE, SHAFTESBURY, ROUSSEAU, HUME, and GIBBON, led to the portico, which was supported by the most magnificent columns of white marble; they were in the elegant Corinthian order; but, what appeared to me very singular, they were inverted! The portico was open; emblematic of the philanthropy of the *new* Philosophy, who unfolds her mysteries to the contemplative mind.

My companions, who had disputed during our journey with all the eagerness of competition, were now silent. A sacred awe seemed to pervade the assembly, as we slowly advanced into the body of the Temple. A vast azure curtain of silk bespangled with diamonds, reflecting the rays of several lustres which illumined the lofty dome, was suddenly raised, and we beheld Philosophy seated on a throne of gold, adorned with gems, "*in all the hues reflected light can give.*" She was a majestic figure; her countenance exhibited the delicate bloom of youth, dignified with the intelligence of riper years, and enlivened by a seductive smile that fascinated the beholder. Her robe was purple; she wore a crown of gold, inscribed with the words NECESSITY, REASON, VIRTUE, in the three primitive colours of nature. On the right hand,

hand sat **PRIDE**, adorned with jewels, and inflated with the idea of self-importance; on her left **VANITY** appeared in a garment of many colours, continually varying her posture, and viewing herself with smiles in a mirror.

Before the throne stood **SOPHISTRY**, whose robe changed its hue every moment; an insidious smile played over her features, and she held in her right hand a cup filled with intoxicating nectar. **FASHION** stood behind **Sophistry**, with her eyes turned alternately on the Goddess and her votaries.

The wall of the temple, behind the throne, was composed of one entire prismatic substance, through which the most enchanting perspective view delighted the eye. Shady groves, sunny glades, trees bending with fruitage, flowers of variegated bloom, clear fountains, sprightly cascades, embellished with sunshine from an unclouded sky, presented a most inviting paradise.

We gazed with mute admiration: the Goddess waved her silver sceptre, and instantly the Temple was filled with harmony. The music was quite in the modern taste, of that lively kind which excludes the strong passions, and excites to mirth by a gentle titillation. Philosophy again waved her sceptre, the music ceased, and while our bosoms were thrilling with pleasurable sensations she thus addressed us:—

“ My beloved Votaries! welcome, thrice welcome,

to all the delights of wisdom ! You shall all participate the bounty of Philosophy ; but the metaphysician, as most profoundly versed in my *arcana*, is entitled to the most distinguished honours. Sophistry ! lead the venerable KANT to my throne ; I long to reward a veteran who has so often contended against my enemies."

The Sage was led forward by Sophistry, who presented her cordial to his lips. Having taken an exhilarating draught, he thus addressed Philosophy :—

" Great Goddess, who hast been adored in every age under different names, behold an aged man, who, for a series of years, has studied thy mysteries. Like thy adorers among the ancients, I have described thee as the child of nature ; and by inculcating the doctrine of *necessity*, I have demonstrated that it is to thee alone we are to look for the developement of the human faculties : that under thy influence the morals of society are in a state of progressive improvement towards that *perfectibility* which is attainable by reason. The simplicity of this system excludes future retribution, and I have imperceptibly induced numbers of proselytes to consider thee as *the first and only fair*. Convinced of the propensity of the human mind to superstition, and aware of the charms of novelty, I denominated thy doctrine the *Critical Philosophy*, as one that investigated the imperfections of all other institutions. Finally, O Goddess ! I have argued,

gued,

gued, that with thy aid the generations of mankind will attain perfection. Thy handmaid, Sophistry, has often visited and inspired me with *sublime* and *profound* ideas; and, with the aid of the witty who have become proselytes to thy system, I hope to establish thy domonion over mankind. Myriads of *Illuminati*, of both sexes, irradiate the Continent, and the people of Britain seem well inclined to the adoption of thy precepts. It must be the study of thy disciples to effect a revolution in morals; and, by indulging the human passions and appetites, persuade the nations that pleasure is the reward of thy votaries."

When the Philosopher ceased, the Goddess smiled with ineffable affection, and, extending her right hand, the Sage kissed it with the utmost devotion. Sophistry then led him to a seat on the right side of the throne, when he immediately sunk into slumber.

The next person singled from the crowd was the redoubtable Dramatist KOTZEBUE. There was a wild and impetuous ardour in his eye, the effect of an effervescent genius. He came forward with a confident look, like a man of the world who considered effrontery as a proof of his good breeding. Sophistry offered him her newly-replenished cup, but he declined it, and with an arch smile whispered, 'No, my dear friend, I have so long been accustomed to quaff your nectar, that it has become insipid to me; but I have

persuaded thousands to drink so deeply of it as to produce complete intoxication."

He then looked up to philosophy with a vivacious air, and thus expressed his pretensions to her favour:—"All beauteous, Idol, behold thy warmest advocate, who comes to lay the wreath of genius at thy feet. 'Tis to thy irresistible influence, O Philosophy! that I owe the success of my endeavours to *immoralize* Europe! I have disseminated thy doctrine among the higher classes of mankind, many of whom have adored thee as their tutelary Divinity; by my ridicule of religion and the artful exhibition of sensuality, under the guise of nobleness of mind, I have at once effected the depravation of taste and morals. In Germany, France, and England, my Dramas have, in co-operation with Deism and Atheism, turned the current of popular opinion in thy favor. In France I found but little difficulty to establish my sentiments, as that nation has ever preferred pompous processions and extravagant ideas to simplicity and good sense; but in England I met, and still continue to meet, with several obstacles, among a people who have hitherto been accustomed to consider the passions as the auxiliaries of Virtue. The genius of my translators, however, has partly triumphed over the obstinate taste of their countrymen, and prejudice is vanishing before thy effulgence."

The Goddess replied, "My dear KOTZEBU, thou
hast

hast been an active and indefatigable servant—receive thy reward.” She then touched him with her sceptre, and his raiment was suddenly changed to a purple robe, bestudded with brilliants. Fashion then led him to a seat beside that of his countryman.

Several other candidates for reward now came forward, among whom I recognized PAINÉ, and a celebrated modern Lyrist. The Goddess gave them all a most gracious reception, but she conferred particular honours on the facetious Bard. “Welcome,” said she, “my witty, my incomparable son; to thy genius am I indebted for the progress of my power in Britain, Thy more than Orphean Lyre has transformed many who were formerly discreet into satyrs of dissipation. Fashion, crown thy favourite Poet with his well-earned laurel, and let the wreath be sufficiently thick to defend his venerable head from the cane of an insolent adversary. Place him beside his illustrious compeer KOTZEBUE.”

A whimsical-looking individual, apparently intoxicated, now approached the throne. I discovered that he was a *Senator*, who had written a *Romance* which was prejudicial to the cause of virtue. The Goddess beckoned to Sophistry, who conducted him to a seat beside the Poet.

A party of females now entered the Temple.—Their dress was in the extreme of the mode; each wore a wig, and seemed to take a pride in the exposure of
the

the neck and bosom. One of the train bore a standard, with this inscription, EQUALITY OF THE SEXES. The air of self-sufficiency, the broad and scrutinizing stare, the authoratative brow and masculine stride of these ladies, excited my surprise; and although I did not see any offensive weapons, I fancied for a moment that they were a detachment of Amazons.

The Standard-Bearer thus addressed the Goddess: —“ We are come, O celestial Philosophy, to worship in thy Temple! to prefer our vows, and supplicate thy inspiration. We have formed a new class of intelligent beings, and are known by the denomination of FEMALE PHILOSOPHERS. Our enemies have stigmatized us with the name of Voluptuaries, because we inculcate the unrestrained indulgence of the passions, and invite mankind to enjoy the pleasures of life; but the feeble opposition of our calumniators must shrink into non-existence before the enchanting delights which thou hast prepared for thy votaries. To prove our claim to thy protection, we have disseminated thy principles by every means which wit could suggest or genius promote. We have written Poems, Romances, and Novels, for this purpose, and translated every work that we conceived would tend to inflame the heart and corrupt the morals of others, and we have been successful beyond our most sanguine hopes. It remains for thee, O beloved Philosophy, to reward us according to our res-
pective

pective merits; and when each claimant has detailed her labours in thy service, there is little doubt but thou wilt *at least* place us upon an equality with the other sex, and realize our long-wished for love of power."

When this fair orator had concluded her speech, another female advanced with a most graceful and theatric air, but she was prevented from the exertion of her eloquence by the Goddess, who expressed her approbation of the party with smiles of triumph. "Glorious æra!" she exclaimed; "when Woman has assumed her natural equality, and demonstrated that *"the love of pleasure and the love of sway"* predominates in every exalted female mind. Yes, my beautiful votaries, you shall be placed upon an equality with your admirers, who sit at my right hand. There is no necessity for each of you to mention her claims, for, though I have long been convinced of the eloquence of the sex, and doubt not that your orations on this occasion would fill a folio volume, I would recommend it to you to reserve your rhetoric to persuade your husbands, lovers, and mankind at large, of my superior title to their devotion."

Although the Ladies seemed disappointed at not being permitted to speak successively, yet when Sophistry conducted them to a seat equally elevated with that of the Male Philosophers, and when they surveyed the superb canopy above their heads, I could observe their eyes sparkle with pleasure.

These

These distinguished Female Philosophers being seated, Sophistry addressed the motley throng which filled the area before the throne, and whom I discovered, by their discourse to be Pamphleteers, who had written in favour of the Goddess.

“Beloved Auxiliaries!” cried Sophistry, “none of you shall go unwarded. Philosophy is ever beneficent to her adorers. You shall———.” Here she was interrupted by a confused noise from without, and a female, called Terror, rushed into the Temple, vociferating, with frantic gestures, “The enemy is coming!” These dreadful sounds produced dismay throughout the Assembly. Even the Goddess trembled on her throne, and all her worshippers seemed thunderstruck. A vivid splendor now illumined the portico, and the next moment RELIGION entered. Her stature was tall, her countenance majestic and serene; a diadem of the three hues of the rainbow surrounded her head, and her robe was light azure of the most delicate tint of the celestial regions, whence she had descended. On her right appeared her faithful attendant Truth, who held a burning glass in her left hand, and a fiery sword in her right. The other attendant of Religion was Morality, who appeared on her left, clothed in white, and holding in her left hand a Bible, into which she looked with reverential love.

Religion now approached the throne of her enemy, and, with a voice at once melodious and impressive

sive, thus addressed the Assembly:—"Unhappy beings, your enmity against me has effected your own destruction. By embracing the delusive pleasures of *Sensuality*, whom you misnamed *Philosophy*, your minds are incapacitated for the enjoyment of my simple but permanent delights; it only remains, in obedience to the dictates of immutable justice, that you should be punished for your impious writings, which have misled such numbers of your fellow-creatures. Advance, O Truth! my faithful attendant, and with thy resistless sword destroy these *soul-slayers*, and let their influence cease from this moment."

Truth instantly touched the throne of the NEW PHILOSOPHY with her fiery sword, and a wonderful metamorphosis took place throughout the Temple. Philosophy fell from her throne, and was changed into a viper; the metaphysician was transformed into a mole; the dramatist into a goat; and the other sages into monkeys of different kinds. The female philosophers were changed into parrots, and the pamphleteers who surrounded me shrunk into the form of toads.

My heart fainted with horror as I gazed on these prodigies, and I every moment expected some dreadful change would befall myself for my temerity in visiting this odious place. While I stood speechless and trembling, Truth touched the floor with her sword, and a sudden concussion overturned the Temple from its foundation. The throne vanished in a
thin

thin vapour; the vitreous wall disappeared, and beyond, where it had expanded its deceptive medium, instead of a rich landscape, I beheld a blasted heath overgrown with thorns and thistles.

At this scene of desolation my fears increased; I turned towards Religion; and was going to prostrate myself before her, when Morality prevented me, and putting the Bible into my hand, whispered, "You are now safe, that book will direct you to the Temple of Religion, which is on the road to Salvation." My spirits were revived, and a new hope animated my heart as I clasped the treasure of Divine Knowledge in my hands. Religion turned upon me her majestic eyes, beaming with philanthropy. "Fear not, O Man!" said she, "I will ever be thy guardian while thou pursuest the path pointed out by Revelation. Go, feeble mortal! reform thy manners; correct thy passions by the vigilance and authority of Reason; remember that Christianity is the *true Philosophy*; and that happiness consists in piety to the Creator, and universal benevolence."

While Religion was speaking I felt unusual transport animate my heart, insomuch that I awoke and beheld the Sun just rising. The vision of the night enlightened and purified my soul, and incited me to that activity in the performance of the social virtues which alone can render the life of man valuable to himself and beneficial to his fellow-creatures.

POLITICAL QUACKERY.

Here public Zeal the alligator hides
 Her selfish eggs, and for their birth provides ;
 Of incubation in no need they stand,
 But hatch in Popularity's hot sand ;
 To prey with open mouths away they scour,
 Yet seem to mourn the country they devour.

ANONYMOUS.

Man made for Kings ! those optics are but dim
 That tell you so——say rather they for him.

* * * * *

Oh ! bright occasions of dispensing good,
 How seldom used, how little understood !
 To nurse with tender care the thriving arts,
 Watch ev'ry beam philosophy imparts ;
 To give religion her unbridled scope,
 Nor judge by statute a believer's hope ;
 To touch the sword with conscientious awe,
 Nor draw it but when duty bids him draw ;
 To sheath it in the peace-restoring close,
 With joy beyond what victory bestows :
 Blest country, where these kingly glories shine !
 Blest England, if this happiness be thine !

COWPER.

SINCE Peace has revisited Europe, where every good
 man wishes she may preside till time shall be no more,
 we may venture to investigate the motives which induced

Mr. P * * * and his *virtuous Coadjutors* to involve this country in a tedious and sanguinary contest with France.

At first sight it might appear to be a species of *political legerdemain*, in which the dexterity of the operators excelled that of Katterfelto and the little devil himself; but a calm examination will evince the expedience and wisdom of lavishing our best blood and treasure to establish the F * * * * R * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * *

May it not be fairly concluded that the late ministry involved their country in war that they might retain their places? This at once clears up the mystery: the motives were to them *just and necessary*. Besides, several symptoms in the Body politic indicated inflammation, for which the principal *State Quack* very judiciously prescribed *phlebotomy*. Another alarming circumstance was that superfluity of wealth, which, by the introduction of luxurious habits, threatened to corrupt the morals of the people. He therefore, like a true and disinterested patriot, collected the redundant cash and exported it to Germany, whence part of it has long since communicated the contagion of wealth to France. At the same time he recommended certain bits of paper, as a lighter circulating medium of *political sanity*, similar to the supposed beneficial effect of the *transfusion of blood*.

The taxes on hair-powder, armorial bearings, and income, were also introduced by the minister for the benevolent purpose of repressing pride and enforcing economy. To persons who were deeply infected with the political *mania*, he prescribed the *cold-bath* and solitary

tary recesses, where there was "room for meditation ev'n to madness*."

Economics, or the strictest frugality in the use of necessaries, was recommended by this magnanimous man; "and, strange to tell! he practised what he preach'd." His abstemiousness was most remarkable in the use of wine, for it is well known that he seldom got drunk above *once a-day*. What an illustrious instance of self-denial in a man who carried the keys of *the iron chest of the State!* * * * * *

Indeed abstinence was very reluctantly adopted by honest John Bull, who, from time immemorial, had been celebrated for his roast-beef and plum-pudding. He did not relish the flavour of Count Rumford's black broth, and he considered *digested bones* as a meagre substitute for his former nutritive aliment. Nay, even the asseverations of that *sublime naturalist*, Dr. Darwin, could not persuade John to become so far a *lover of plants*, as to believe that the branches of trees would make as good

* The generous sympathy and humane exertions of a spirited commoner, in the investigation of the sufferings of State Prisoners confined in the cells of the House of Correction in Cold-bath Fields, merits the grateful acknowledgments of his countrymen. While some men, prompted by ambition, scruple not to violate the rights of free-men, it is gratifying to contemplate the struggles of the true patriot against oppression, and his unremitted and successful endeavours to mitigate the miseries of the disconsolate prisoner. Such have been the exertions of Sir FRANCIS BURDETT, who is entitled to a more glorious appellation than human pride can confer.
— He is THE PRISONER'S FRIEND.

Bread as wheat ; and he considered the produce of his own corn-fields as preferable to the insipid rice of India.

When our wonderful *State Quack*, with the rest of his *under-graduates*, found that they could no longer impose upon the credulity of the people, they relinquished their project of destroying our *political Constitution*, which their nostrums had reduced to the last stage of a galloping consumption. So miraculous, however, were the prescriptions of that celestial physician, PEACE, that the State is already a most hopeful convalescent, endued with a *renovation of vital energy* that will ensure the complete restoration of health and happiness.

Among other empirical remedies, *caustics* were recommended by certain philosophers, to consume the proud-flesh of the State ; but their rash application would have rendered the cure as bad as the disease. Their intemperate conduct and *swordy enthusiasm* was productive of great injury to the Constitution, by giving the State Quacks in office a pretext for the adoption of a severe regimen, which almost destroyed the patient.

Powerful correctives, like those administered by our late *State Doctor and his College of Political Physicians*, had reduced John Bull so low, that he was obliged to lean on *his oak* as his only support, and the staff of his old age.

Some State Physicians proposed alteratives, for the invigoration of the Constitution ; but, notwithstanding the eloquence of their *president*, JOHN has hitherto been very cautious of adopting their prescriptions. Indeed the poor fellow has been so pestered with the importunity of
his

His good friends on both sides, that he lately fell into a violent passion, and swore he believed they were all *Quack Doctors*, and that he would no longer trust his life in their hands. John avers that "his British Constitution is a very good one, if left to itself; but d——n these modern physicians," cries he in a heat, "with their *bleeding*, and their *purgings*, their *alterative pills* and *potions*, they have almost been the death of me! I wish these Quacks would let me alone, and I'll be bound my constitution will last for many centuries. But if I should be so foolish as to swallow the *mental cantharides* imported from France, or submit to the continued application of the *lancet of war*, I should soon be a dead man! Pray now what are all the boasted political medicines which have been administered on the Continent, but so many doses of *corrosive sublimate*, that would poison the devil!"

John is perfectly right, and now Peace and Plenty have returned, hand in hand, to reward him for his fortitude, and he has before him the blissful prospect of reviving commerce, and the firm re-establishment of that constitution, which has been recently violated under the *plea of necessity*.

Indeed, the wisdom of Administration will be best demonstrated in their restoration of the Constitution to its primitive simplicity and dignity. This will be an effectual preventive to the introduction of what they call French Principles. The people of the united Kingdom have too much good sense to wish for the adoption of any other system of government, in preference to their

own, which, in its original principles, contains the conservation of the rights of man. Even the boasted Consular government of France is, at best, a *political experiment*, the good or the pernicious effects of which, time only can discover.

With respect to parties, that animosity which too long prevailed seems gradually softening into good-will ; and, indeed, while we descant on universal philanthropy, it is but rational that our charity should begin at home, and that congenial sentiments of brotherly love should animate the breasts of the community.

“ Friends, parents, kindred, first *we should embrace ;*
Our country next, and next all human race.”

The declamation of *men of words* has too long domineered over the hearts of mankind ; let us now do justice to the merit of *men of deeds*, and such deeds too, as, under the blessings of Divine Providence, facilitated the restoration of peace. Let us remember, that the Union Flag was triumphantly displayed on the towers of Alexandria by an Hibernian, who led our brave battalions to conquest and to glory, while Fame overspread the tomb of his noble predecessor with unfading laurel.

As for the empire of the Ocean it is all our own. The achievements of our sailors during the war have never been paralleled ; and our admirals, by a combination of talents, wisdom, and heroism, have obtained a series of naval victories, which will not only consecrate the fame of their country, but eternize their names in the annals of the world !

But

But while we take a retrospect of those more than chivalrous conquests, in which magnanimity triumphed over opposition, we may turn with gratulatory joy to the contemplation of peace, which has once more harmonized the passions of the nations of Europe. When Lord Nelson struck his flag, the repose and security of his country were realized; and he retired from the arduous task of protecting our shores to the more peaceful, but not less honorable, task of legislation.

DRAMATIC QUACKERY.

The loud demand from year to year the same,
 Cripples Invention and makes Fancy lame;
 While *Farce* itself, most *mournfully jejune*,
 Calls for the kind assistance of a tune;
 And authors hear one universal cry—
Tickle and entertain us, or we die!

COWPER.

OF all the amusements invented by the ingenuity of man, a theatric representation of human manners and passions is the most interesting and instructive. When the energy of sentiment, and the pathos of the warmest feelings of our nature, are combined with the dignified action of the tragic muse, we sympathize with suffering virtue, and we are warned against the practice of vice, which is productive of the most calamitous events.

The mirthful fallies of *Thalia* are still more pleasing, by holding, "*as it were, the mirror up to nature*;" she satirises our follies in so agreeable a manner, that in the disguise of mirth we embrace wisdom.

TRAGEDY may be termed the sublime, and COMEDY the beautiful, of the drama. The former rouses the passions by an irresistible appeal to the heart; the latter, by exhibiting a lively portrait of whatever is ridiculous or censurable in public manners, at once corrects the foible and enforces propriety of conduct.

The earliest account we have of the English drama is
 recorded

recorded by Haywood, who informs us, that in the reign of Henry II. the *Mysteries*, a kind of representation of the miracles and select passages from the Scriptures, were exhibited by the monks in London. This theatric representation was succeeded by the *Moralities*, in which the virtues and vices were personified.

Interludes were first written and performed in the reign of Henry VIII.; and soon afterwards dramatic compositions, under the denomination of Tragedies and Comedies, were represented and published.

During the short reign of the superstitious and cruel Mary, taste was repressed by bigotry, and theatrical amusements suspended. On the accession of Elizabeth, however, the elegant entertainments of the stage were revived and cherished with renovated vigour. The Tragic Muse now visited Albion, and inspired her favourite Shakspeare, whose just delineation of characters and manners, and affecting expressions of the passions, have never been equalled.

“ Each form of many-coloured life he drew,
Exhausted worlds and then imagined new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil’d after him in vain.”

JOHNSON.

Ben Jonson, the contemporary of Shakspeare, also contributed to the improvement of the English drama.—His comedy of *Every Man in his Humour* has often been revived; and several of his pieces, notwithstanding obsolete

phrases and the quaintness of the language, abound with lively characteristics of human nature, and spirited satire against vice and folly.

Since that period our drama has been gradually refined. The pathetic Otway and the elegant Rowe have been favoured with the inspirations of Melpomene; while Thalia bestowed her mirth-inspiring smiles on Cibber, Vanburgh, Farquhar, Congreve, and Steele.

Our comic writers, however, were rather the abettors of licentiousness than the correctors of folly; insomuch that a French author ascribes the depravity of public manners in this capital to the pernicious influence of our comedies.

Sentimental comedy deserves an exemption from this charge. Steele's *Conscious Lovers*, and several dramatic pieces of a similar nature, have contributed to polish and improve society; and our modern comedies, though more feeble and uninteresting, are more consistent with decorum, than the lively productions of our early comic writers.

The *West Indian*, the *School for Scandal*, and a few good comedies, have rescued this age from the condemnation of stupidity; but, with the exceptions of a few dramatic pieces, the puerile and vulgar productions of the present race of dramatists, together with the *ghostly* abortions of G. M. Lewis's *monstrous* muse, are too contemptible even to deserve the chastisement of satire.

Our modern comedies are, in general, flippant and uninteresting, abounding with a repetition of cant phrases, puns, and pert dialogue.

Pantomimic

Pantomimic gesticulation and outrageous rant, intermingled with impious execrations, constitute the very spirit of modern tragedy: such is *Pizarro*. Indeed the radical defect of the modern drama is the insignificance of the subject chosen by the writer.

From this cursory sketch of the English drama, let us now turn our attention to those recent innovations, by which the popular taste was insulted and depraved. The *Dramatic Empiricism* which occasioned a temporary suspension of the public judgment deserves our particular animadversion, and shall therefore be introduced under the semblance of a species of mental disease.

This pest was first imported from the continent in bundles of paper, inscribed with *Teutonic characters*, and translated into English, which communicated the contagion to the higher ranks of society with the rapidity of the electric fluid. The first symptoms were a strange admiration of ghosts, mouldering castles, sulphureous flames, bloody daggers, and other terrific images of a distempered imagination. In this stage of the disease it may be denominated the *Spectramania*; but on the introduction of a larger quantity of the infectious matter, the dangerous symptoms increased, and it assumed a formidable appearance under the name of *Kotzebue-mania*.

The unhappy wight who was destined to do this irreparable injury to the morals of his countrymen was one Benjamin Thompson, whom the courtesy of this title-loving age has since dignified with the appellation *Esquire*! We are told that he concealed the papers impregnated with the infection for ten years, till, in a moment of enthusiasm,

thusiasm, he sent them to the manager of one of the theatres, who administered the *virus* to the public.

This cruel disease, which has spared neither age nor sex in Germany, France, or England, takes its name from an empiric named Kotzebue. The patients were afflicted with a childish passion for noise, paintings, the startings and ravings of others deeply affected with the same disease, and a strong abhorrence of common sense. This species of madness induced the women of every rank to divest themselves of a great part of their clothes. They also cut off their hair, which would have contributed to the restoration of health, had the disorder affected only the head, but unfortunately its principal malignancy operated on the heart, where it extinguished the light of morality which had been kindled by a virtuous education. While labouring under this delirium, what had formerly been considered crimes were metamorphosed into virtues, and religion and decency were thrown aside like old garments.

When the distemper became general, the people thronged to our places of public amusement, where the contagion was most powerful. Thither the old and the young, the grave and the gay, hastened, like insects, to flutter round the flame of licentiousness: to add to the absurdity, the very people who wasted their time and money in pursuit of a phantom were clamorous against the high price of provisions! The curious names given to different portions of the infectious matter induced the people to purchase it just as they do other quack medicines. They had not the most remote idea that what
was

was introduced under the plausible name of theatric entertainments could have any pernicious influence, till fatal experience made them feel the imbecility produced by immoral dramas. On the introduction of the *Stranger*, our ladies thronged to behold the fair German who had made a fashionable slip. By a little conversation with her they not only caught the infection of the *Kotzebue-mania*, but were convinced that adultery was merely an amiable weakness, though they had so often heard it mentioned by English moralists as the most execrable deviation from the path of honour, and totally subversive of social felicity. The next dose was administered by a very skilful female quack, who gave it the name of *Lovers' Vows*, and by a happy termination demonstrated the beneficial consequences of seduction.

But this mental malady did not arrive at the greatest height till the introduction of *Pizarro*. The multitude thronged to see this monster. They held up their hands, opened their mouths, and gazed in stupid astonishment at the superb pageant that shone before their imagination. It was such a delightful enjoyment to sit at one's ease, and behold all the horrors, without encountering the dangers, of a battle and a thunderstorm. There was so much enthusiastic loyalty in the bombastic speech of *Rolla*, that even the critic with difficulty traced the sentiments, and detected the plagiarism, in the more simple and dignified lines of Cowper.

Those physicians of taste known by the name of Reviewers, had anxiously watched the progress of the *Kotzebue-mania* through every stage, till it arrived at a crisis,
when

when they administered a variety of antidotes, some as correctives, and others as alteratives. When the feverish symptoms abated, the convalescents were gradually restored, and the public taste, though yet *very poorly indeed*, will, it is to be hoped, recover from the imbecility brought on by this mental *apoplexy*.

It has been recommended, in order to prevent such fatal accidents in future, that all the productions of the continent shall be examined by adequate judges, previous to their being landed, and that the vessels shall perform quarantine.

Such was the progress of the *Kotzebue-mania*, which had a more pernicious effect on the health and morals of the community than gin, or even the nostrums of quackery. Indeed no disease has raged with such fatal malignancy in this capital since the plague in 1665.

Scarcely had the fury of this disease subsided, and a general convalescence taken place, when the public sanity was endangered by another visitation of a much more benign nature. Music, soul-subduing music, came upon the wings of Favonius, from the soft clime of Italy, to soothe the British ear. Our public singers may, in a moment of vanity, address the audience in the language of the syrens:

“ Blest is the man ordain’d our voice to hear !
 The song instructs the soul and charms the ear.
 Approach ! thy soul shall into rapture rise !
 Approach ! and learn new wisdom from the wise ! ”

On

On the other hand, Mrs. Billington might, in a parody, address her admirers, as they almost squeezed each other to death, to catch the enchanting vibrations of the viewless air as it flowed through the mazes of her mellow wind-pipe—

Sweet are your thund'ring footsteps to my ear,
Your placid looks my tender bosom cheer.
Approach! for *sound* you *common sense* despise:
Approach! and with your money charm my eyes!

As the lovers of music are persons of extreme sensibility, their sufferings must have been very excruciating indeed, while they sympathized with poor Mrs. B. when she was *brought to bed of a needle*. Various have been the reports concerning this singular case of surgery, and Mr. H declares, that after examining the extracted steel through a microscope, he is not certain whether it is a needle or a stiletto. The lady has been a great traveller, and it is not improbable that some *envious Italian* attempted to assassinate her, and left his stiletto in her shoulder.

It is still more probable, however, that she swallowed a needle during some moment when her mind was overwhelmed by harmony: and in order to prevent other ladies from a similar misfortune, the following piece of advice has been put into verse, that they may the more readily commit it to memory, nay, sing it if they please:

Girls

Girls oft have been caution'd 'gainst *swallowing pins*,
 Let them list to a friend who ne'er wheedles ;
 And unless they are willing to *smart for their sins*,
 Let them be still more cautious of *needles*.

Among the different species of coxcombs who infest society, none are more contemptible and absurd than those who loll half asleep in the boxes at the principal theatres, and affect to gaze on the most comic scenes with apathy, while a general burst of laughter prevails. They also contemplate the most affecting scenes of Tragedy with the same unaltered muscles, as if it were a mark of superior intellect to repress the feelings of the heart.

Several eminent writers have vindicated the morality of the stage. This, doubtless, is the reason why such a number of dissolute characters live in the vicinity of our principal theatres *. Wishing to participate the instruction

* The following picture of modern profligacy, though the colouring is strong, is but too exact a resemblance of real life.

“ Of the increased prevalence of immoral and vicious habits, the public theatres exhibit a damning proof. Twenty years ago a prostitute did not dare to shew her face in the lower parts of the house ; and if in the upper boxes, to which this description of unfortunate women were confined, any tumult or noise was heard, the indignation of the audience, decisively manifested, either produced instantaneous quiet, or the expulsion of the offenders. Now, alas ! how different is the scene ! the front boxes of the theatres are almost exclusively devoted to women of the town ; the lobbies swarm with them ;
 they

tion of the Drama, they seem to have environed these *elegant temples of morality*, as the lame and impotent formerly did the Pool of Bethesda. It is to be apprehended, however, that no celestial visitant will descend to impart healing virtues in a place where such demons of a depraved imagination as *The Castle Spectre*, *Blue-Beard*, and similar ridiculous pageants, are suffered to *make night hideous*. It is full time that such wretched substitutes for rational amusement should be rejected, especially since Shakspeare, our English Apollo, has evidently overthrown the host of German Titans, who

they occupy every part of the house, with the solitary exception of the side boxes and the first circle ; the rooms intended for the purposes of refreshment are like the show-rooms of a bagnio ; and it is next to impossible for a virtuous woman to walk from her box to her carriage, without having her eyes offended, and her ears shocked, by the most indecent gestures, and the most obscene language. And in this most profligate exhibition the young men are as bad as, if not worse than, the women. At a summer theatre we have seen the performance absolutely stopped by the noise of these male and female prostitutes, and the front boxes rendered the scene of actions fit only for a brothel. When such gross violations of decency and decorum are publicly tolerated, woeful, indeed, must be the depravity of public manners !”

Anti-Jacobin Review for June 1800, pp. 204, 205.

Does not the censurable custom of admission at half-price, as practised at one of the theatres, contribute to the intrusion of inebriated rakes and prostitutes ; and would not the payment of full price in some measure prevent the influx of such beings, and serve as a corrective of this nuisance ?

impiously

impiously waged war, not only against true taste and morality, but against Heaven itself.

Whatever benefit may be received at the theatres, by the auditory in general, certain it is that the youthful part of the fair sex undergo a severe ordeal. When we behold beautiful young ladies at church, adorned by the elegant robe of modesty, and afterwards view the same lovely beings in the boxes at the playhouse, sitting half naked, as if in imitation of women of the town, we can scarcely believe our eyes, or reconcile to reason such a glaring inconsistency, such a preposterous violation of decorum. What! are the amiable daughters of Britain to be exhibited to the intrusive gaze of the world?—forbid it propriety, decency, and virtue.



Parallel between KEMBLE and COOKE in the Character of King Richard III.

THE generous competition of these celebrated actors has afforded the public much entertainment. Kemble, in the two first acts, seemed deficient in that eagerness which characterised the ambitious usurper, but he grew warmer as he proceeded, and in the scene with Lady Anne his flattery, dissimulation, and affected tenderness, were infinitely superior to the rough gallantry of Cooke.

In the fourth act, on parting with his officers the night before the battle, he degraded the mental depression of the tyrant; and expressed “Good night, my friends,” in
the

the whine of a person soliciting charity, rather than the solemn accents of a desponding hero. Cooke is more dignified and reserved on the same occasion; indeed, his voice is much stronger, and better suited to the heroic character than the softer intonation of Kemble.

The expression of horror in Kemble's countenance, in the last scene; the gradual display of reason predominating over his terrified imagination; the transition to natural fortitude resuming its empire in his breast; and the pathos with which he exclaimed "Richard's himself again!" electrified his auditory. In the duel with Richmond he exhibited too much of the expertness of a fencer; but as the representative of a fallen tyrant, he expired in a manner worthy of a great actor.

As the representative of Richard, however, Cooke claims the palm, and the public decision seems in his favour. The ambition, artifice, and dissimulation of the usurper, were most ably exhibited by this actor, whose voice, gestures, and the admirable expression of his countenance, domineered over our imagination. In several instances his manner was coarse, yet such inelegance seemed natural to a deformed tyrant. He never lost sight of the character he represented, though he was imperfect in the last scene. In his harangue to his army he was every thing we could wish from the representative of the courageous Richard at the head of his troops. In the duel, if he displayed less agility and grace than Kemble, it was only a proof of his superior judgment, for who would expect the adroitness of a swordsman, in a fierce warrior previously fatigued, and whose sanguin-
ary

ary object was the destruction of his opponent rather than self-defence ?

With respect to the other actors and actresses, at both theatres, they are, in general, well entitled to that patronage which the most liberal people in the world are ever willing to bestow on merit.

In Comedy, Lewis is pre-eminent. Cynical, indeed, must be that disposition, torpid that heart, and rigid those muscles, which his acting could not soften to mirth. Animated, graceful, and inspired with the true glee of the comic Muse, this favourite actor engages our esteem while he delights our eyes and ears. In the pomp of tragedy Mrs. Litchfield is elegant and affecting. Her Lady Anne and Lady Macbeth were a display of graceful action and characters well supported. Miss Chapman is also an engaging favourite of Melpomene ; while Mrs. Glover shines in the pleasurable walk of comedy.

The Thespian phalanx of Drury-lane are also numerous and respectable. Indeed, the temporary retirement of their leader was unpropitious to the lovers of the Drama, and his resumption of the buskin must be gratifying to every mind who wishes to see the softer passions pourtrayed in all their simplicity and beauty.

Mrs. Billington has, under the tutelage of Clio, engaged to serve two masters. The public ear has been delighted with her symphonious warblings ; connoisseurs are enchanted, and even persons whose auricular nerves are not so finely organised, have confessed that her voice is " sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountain."

LITERARY

LITERARY QUACKERY.

Books are not seldom talismans and spells,
 By which the magic art of shrewder wits
 Holds an unthinking multitude enthral'd.
 Some to the fascination of a name
 Surrender judgment, hood-wink'd. Some the style
 Infatuates, and through labyrinths and wilds
 Of error leads them by a tune entranc'd.

COWPER.

LITERATURE, that celestial handmaid of Knowledge, under the guidance of Truth, unites the ingenious, the good, and the virtuous, in one mystic chain of confraternity. How often has the intelligent and studious mind been enlightened and invigorated, by the beautiful descriptions and elevated conceptions of genius! How often have the tears of sympathy, or the generous glow of joy, been excited by a pathetic and lively portraiture of the vicissitudes of human life; and while the eye drank instruction, the heart was meliorated and the understanding enlarged.

But even literature has been productive of evil as well good. The excursions of a playful imagination naturally deviate into the forbidden regions of licentiousness, and the shafts of Ridicule, pointed by Wit, have been but too often aimed at the bosom of Virtue, while brazen-faced Impiety concealed her deformity in the broad laugh of humour. Those volumes, sacred to science, which either
 enlarge

enlarge the sphere of intellectual vision, or innocently amuse the reader, are, with deference, resigned to the vigilant observance of our monthly Literary Censors; and our enquiries shall be directed to the investigation of only such publications as are absurd or pernicious.

BOOK-MAKERS.

These ephemera, generated by the warmth of the sun of knowledge, like the locusts in eastern regions, devour the sustenance of others.

The first and most injurious class of these "half-formed wittings," comprehends writers of their own adventures. Modern voluptuaries of both sexes, when they have by excess incapacitated themselves for pursuing their pleasures, "fight all their battles o'er again," by describing their amours, which they publish, to contribute as much as possible to the amusement and vitiation of others, for a pecuniary consideration. Were such depraved mortals to publish their *Memoirs* as a demonstration of the fatal effects of vice, they might be considered as doing an act of justice in favour of public morals—similar to the dying declaration of criminals at the place of execution. But they not only endeavour to palliate their enormities, under the soft epithet of error, but in some instances they are abandoned enough to recommend similar practices; while an unprincipled publisher, for the sake of gain, circulates the mental cantharides which empoisons thousands!

The life of a military swindler was published about two years ago, and the public curiosity has since been gratified

gratified with the life and opinions of a military profligate.

The latter, however, seems conscious of his errors, and has made a public expiation by a *suspension* of his portrait, which every reader, on the perusal of his frivolous and absurd pages, will own to have been *strict poetical justice*.

We have also been amused with *Memoirs of a Demirep*, written by herself. This work has been censured by the reviewers, as "little better than a *catch-penny*," but the purchaser will find to his cost, that it is a *catch guinea*. It certainly requires an uncommon degree of effrontery in book-makers and their publishers, to enable them to vend obscene productions in a country where laws are established for the suppression of such abortions of intellect. We are informed that "An information was exhibited by the Attorney-General against the defendant EDMUND CURLL, for that he, contriving and intending to injure the morals of the people of this realm, printed and published a certain wicked and obscene book, entitled *Venus in the Cloister, or the Nun in her Smock*."* Curll was found guilty, and was afterwards set in the pillory, as he well deserved.

Austere moralists may censure a certain publisher, who vends a Quack Doctor's pamphlet and nostrums; but a calm investigation of the matter will evince that he is only "labouring at his vocation." By a singular coincidence of circumstances, this devout tradesman contributes at once to the sanity and instruction of society:—he is a *preacher of the gospel!* But he may justify the seeming

* Vide Strange's Reports, p. 788, M. Term; 1 Geo. II. 1728.

enormity

enormity of his endeavours to serve God and *Mamma*, by exclaiming with Falstaff, "*It is no sin for a man to labour at his vocation.*"

The most curious as well as ridiculous species of book-making was "*Tales of Wonder*," compiled by Mr. L. and sold at the moderate price of a guinea! Indeed the abilities of this *spectre-loving senator* were employed to some purpose in collecting ballads from the dead walls of this metropolis!

Next to these caterers for the public taste may be mentioned our modern historians.—

" Some write a narrative of wars, and feats
Of heroes, little known; and call the rant
A history."

The book-maker collects the volumes of writers of acknowledged merit, and by the aid of a few transcribers he so completely *transubstantiates* the original, that the author himself would be puzzled to recognize any resemblance. Hence by intermingling their own vague conceptions with the sublime ideas of genius, book-makers produce a dull monster. Such are, G's Greece; H's History of Scotland; and a variety of histories of France written by Englishmen since the revolution: but *let us not speak ill of the dead!*

Several of the phalanx of book-makers are Frenchmen and Germans, who good-naturedly endeavour to *illuminate* our minds, by communicating their ideas in *English*. Indeed the pedantic and foppish innovations attempted
by

by these *conceited foreigners*, and even English translators destitute of genius, would, by the introduction of barbarisms, soon render our copious and elegant language mere gibberish, were they not deterred by the spirited and judicious criticism of Reviewers.

Several schemes have been adopted by modern book-makers to obtain popularity. Some "forager on other's wisdom," excites attention by detecting the plagiarism of an eminent writer. Such is Dr. Ferriar, whose "*Illustrations of Sterne*" may be said to have rendered the author "dark with excessive bright." The doctor, however, may claim the merit of having discovered a new method of embalming, for by interspersing some of the fragrant spices of Sterne's wit with his own crude ideas, he has preserved the inert mass.

But of all other plans to gain public approbation, the most powerful and successful is that of asserting the mental equality of the sexes. This secures the patronage of one half of the human species, together with a numerous herd of coxcombs, who, either from imbecility, or politeness, acquiesce in opinion with the ladies.

The virtuous part of the fair sex, however, which happily constitutes a great majority, aspire to no such fanciful distinction; they are meek and amiable, the brightest ornaments of the social edifice.

When we consider the softness and delicacy of the female form, the seclusion and domestic cares to which woman voluntarily submits, together with many concomitant circumstances, we must admire her attainments of useful and elegant knowledge, the justness of her taste,

H

the

the endearing propriety of her conversation, and the variety of accomplishments which adorn this queen of the smiles and the graces!

Man is much superior to woman in those comprehensive and powerful faculties which investigate and improve; in that fortitude which braves danger, and that ambition which grasps the crown of fame; but in the more amiable virtues and gentle passions, which give the richest zest to social felicity, woman far transcends him.

Contemplate this lovely being in the relative situations of daughter, wife, and mother; how attentive to the filial, how faithful to the conjugal, and how solicitous in the performance of the maternal duties does she appear! In friendship she is superior to man. When sickness assails his inmate, man is grieved, and bestows his advice or his purse; but he does not like to pour the balm of comfort into the ears of the sick; nay, he sometimes avoids the chamber, as if he dreaded infection. His anxiety for the recovery of his friend may be excessive; but with a full and majestic dignity he retires and vents his sighs and tears in secret, as if he considered sympathy as the companion of imbecility.

How does woman behave on this trying occasion? Unappalled by threatening contagion, she forgets her fears in her tenderness! She attends the sick friend, administers medicine, rendered still more efficacious from her hand; she watches the crisis of the disease, and should the visitation of death close the scene, she supports the languishing head on her fair bosom, wipes away the cold drops that exude from the pale brow, cheers the departing

ing spirit by the mild radiance of her love-fraught eye, and mitigates the final throe by her soothing cares!

Such is WOMAN! the purest fountain of domestic bliss, the richest antepast of celestial happiness. This elegant creature, 'whose heart is empire, and whose love is heaven,' is the rational companion of man; entitled by her beauties to his love, and worthy of his most exalted esteem for her virtues.

D I N I S.

I N D E X.

- A**LFRED the Great, his piety and munificence, 77.
 Anecdote of a Quack Doctor almost poisoned by his own nostrum, 29—Of a quacksalver and a widow, 55.
 Aurum potabile, virtues of, 7.
 Bentley, Professor, of King's College, Aberdeen, letter from, 70.
 Billington, Mrs. the power of her voice, 135—Undergoes a surgical operation, *ibid.*
 Brodum, Dr. biographical anecdotes of, 13—Obtains a diploma from the M. Coll. Aberdeen, 14—Marries Dr. F.'s widow, *ibid.*—Becomes resident physician in London, 15—Dedicates his book to the King, 16—Neglects the precept of Horace, 17—A patron of genius, 18—Quotations from his pamphlet, 19—Proposal to erect a statue of him, 20—Remarkable for the strength of his sight, 21—Would be a soldier, 22—Beneficial effects of his medicines, 23.
 Buzaglo superior to Mr. Perkins, 43.
 Coachmen, noble, described, 101—Dreadful accident which befel one of them, 102—Advised to learn the art of driving on Wimbledon Common, 102.
 College of Physicians, when instituted, 6—Privileges of, 7.
 Colquhoun, Mr. his theory investigated, 85—His statement erroneous, *ibid.*—His idea of a central police exploded, 87.
 Corfield, Nurse, a famous physician, 9.
 Darwin, Dr. food discovered by him, 81.
 Diseases in London principally ideal, 63.
 Epigram on Quackery, 68—On needles, 136.
 Fashionable phrases, adopted by the vulgar, 108.
Graham,

I N D E X.

- Graham, Dr. superior to modern Quacks, 41.
Hippocrates, his advice, 65.
Hoffman, quotation from, 60.
Jefferies, Anne, instructed in the art of healing by fairies,
10—Her disinterestedness, *ibid.*
Jews too cunning to give their money for nostrums, 31.
Immorality, source of, 86.
John Bull, averse to a change of diet, 123—His observations
on State Quacks, 125.
Kant, his speech in the temple of philosophy, 112—
Strange metamorphosis of, 119.
Kemble and Cooke, parallel between, 138.
Kotzebue, described, 113—His address to philosophy, 114.
—Transformed into a goat, 119.
Kotzebue-mania, an epidemic disease, 131.
Ladies, wage war like the ancient Gauls, 103—Some of
them wear a coat of mail, 104.
Lattese, Mr. superior to Dr. Senate, 42.
London, its superiority, 87—The seat of knowledge, 89—
Manners of its inhabitants, 91—Love of gain their pre-
dominant passion, *ibid.*—Affectation, 92—Love of variety,
93—Profusion, *ibid.*—Regularity, 94—Caricatures, *ibid.*
—Propensity to censure, 96.
Medicine, sketch of the history of, 4.
Menial servility, 107.
Messmer, his imposture more ingenious than that of Perkins,
11—Detected at Paris, 12.
Modern fine gentleman described, 97—Not so effeminate as
formerly, 103.
Mountebank described, 12.
Paine, metamorphosis of, 119.
Paintings, animated, 84.
Perkins, Mr. his Metallic Tractors, 33—Panegyric on his
philanthropy, 34—Monthly Reviewers censure him, 35—
Fanatical clergymen who patronize the metallic practice,
37—Application of the tractors to female philosophers,
recommended, 38.
Philosophers, opinion of, respecting the sun, 83.
Philosophic coxcomb, 98.
Philosophers, female, described, 116—Honour conferred
on, 117—Transformed into parrots, 119.
- Philosophy,

I N D E X.

- Philosophy, modern, Temple of, described, 118—Destroyed, 119.
- Quackery, domestic, pernicious, 57.
- Razors, hunting, 84.
- Religion, description of, 118—Destroys the temple of modern philosophy, 119.
- Rumford, Count, 81.
- Senator transformed into a monkey, 119.
- Senate, Dr. his solemn declaration, 32—Wonderful effect of steel in his hands, *ibid.*—Peace inauspicious to his success, 33.
- Solomon, Dr. a Jew, an empiric, and an author, 23—His pamphlet approved, and by whom, 24—Candour manifested in his advertisement, 25—Conjectures respecting his balm, 26—His Anti-Impetigines, 27—His elegance as a writer illustrated, 28—His nostrums puff'd in the newspapers, 29—May be taken notice of by the Attorney-General, 30.
- Stage, structures on, 128.
- Theatric entertainment, new species of, 49.
- Unanimity and brotherly love recommended, 126.
- War just and necessary, 122.
- Wilkinson, Mr. his incredulity, 44—Administers nostrums to different patients, 45.
- World of fashion described, 100.
- Young people, address to, 66.

Books published by the same Author.

1st, THE LIFE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON, late President and Commander in Chief of the Armies of the United States of America. Price Three Shillings and Sixpence. Kearsley, Fleet-street.

2d, A SATIRICAL VIEW OF LONDON, at the Commencement of the Nineteenth Century. Price Five Shillings, Boards. Hurst, Paternoster-row.

“ A very entertaining and well-written performance, the author of which appears to be a man of extensive knowledge and just observation; possessing also an acute discrimination of characters and manners.”

MONTHLY REVIEW for June 1801.

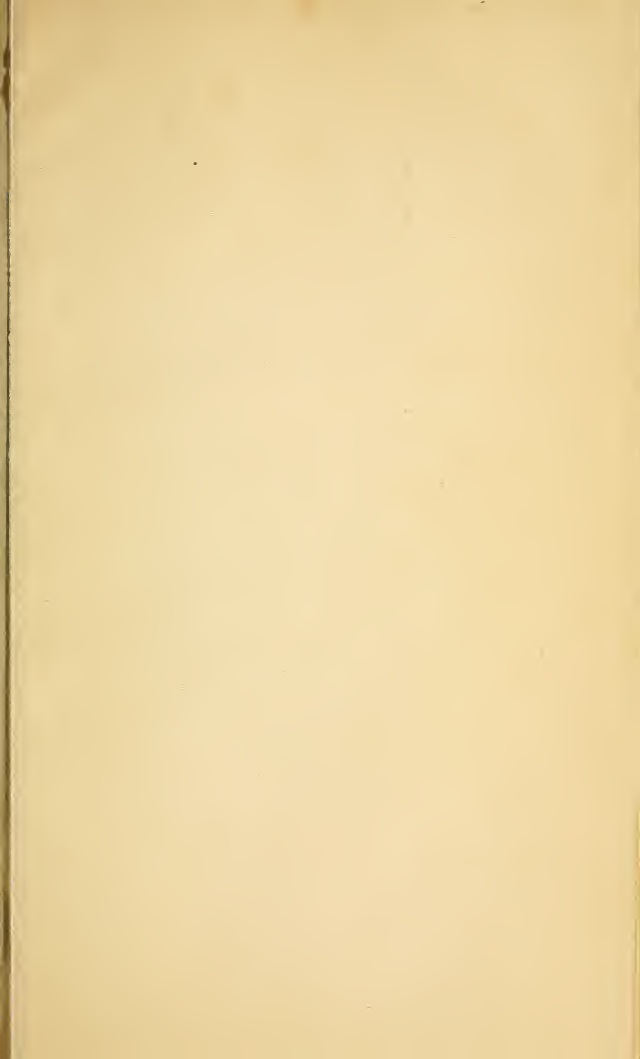
“ Though this work cannot boast the hand of a master, yet it affords entertainment, and may be perused with considerable profit by a numerous class of readers. The author appears, every-where, to be a friend to religion, morality, and all the decencies of life. * * * * *

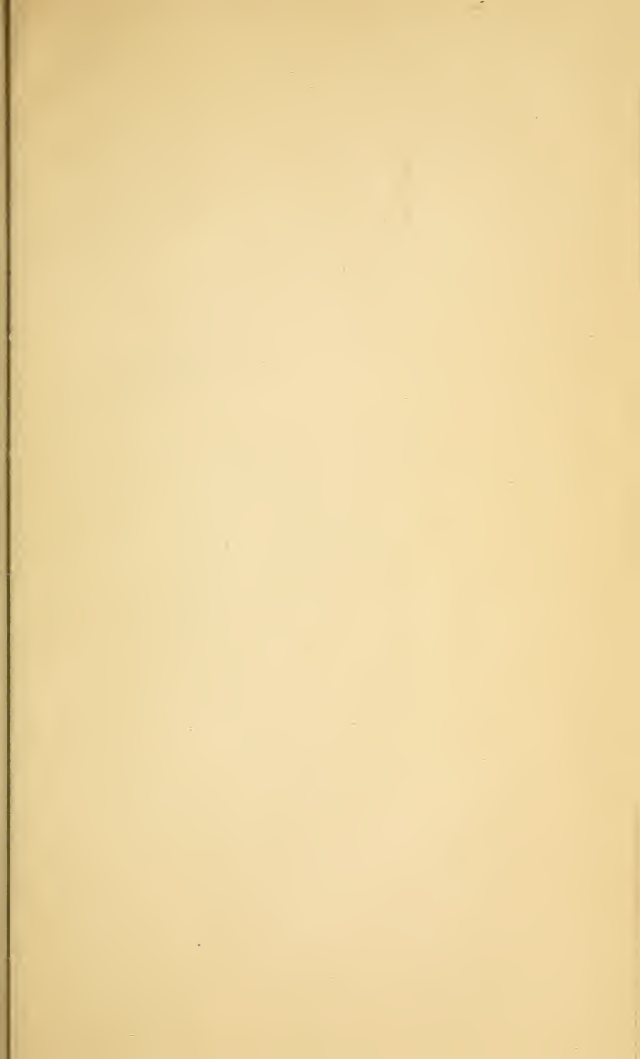
“ We shall now present our readers with the author’s bill of fare; it will be found to contain sufficient variety, and may perhaps have something not ungrateful to every palate: Contents. Introduction—Characteristics of the Inhabitants of London—Englishman—Welshmen—Scotchmen—Irishmen—Comparisons of the English, Scotch, and Irish, now resident in London—Germans—Frenchmen—Spaniards—Dutchmen—Jews—Nobility—Characters from Life—Gentry—Merchants—Manners of the Great—Dress—Female Education—Education of Youth—Clergy—Lawyers—Physicians—Quack Doctors—Cosmetics—Modern Philosophers—Female Philosophers—Seduction—Literature—Divines—Philosophers—Poets—Historians and Tourists—Biographers—Novelists—Reviewers—Monthly Review—Critical Review—British Critic—Anti-Jacobin Review—Newspapers—Public Amusements—Appendix. .

“ We wish it a numerous and respectable acquaintance, and that it may do much good to the author and the public.”


ANTI-JACOBIN REVIEW for September 1801.

T. Davison, White Friars.









Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: March 2009

Preservation Technologies

A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 014 456 090 5

